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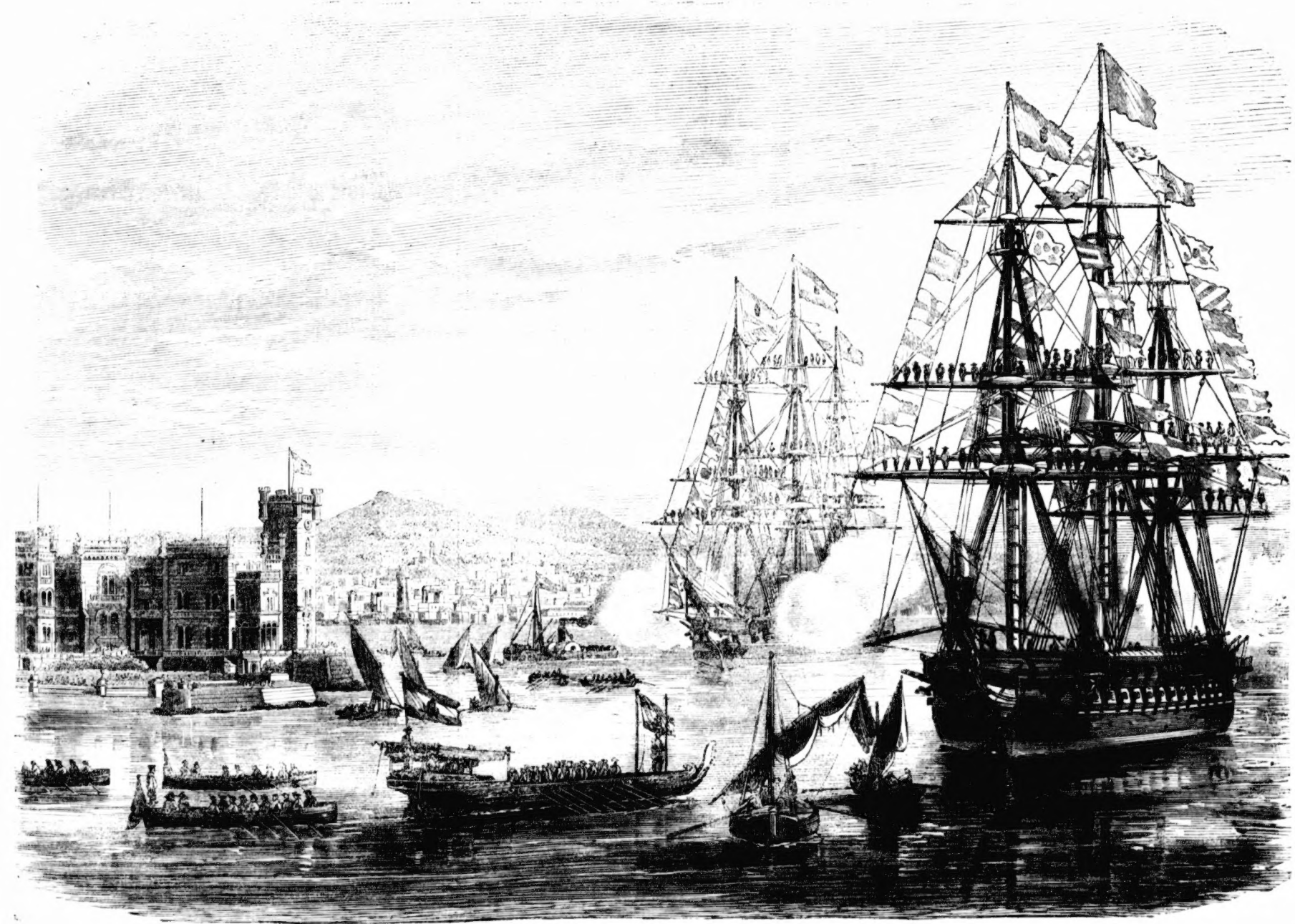
THE CONFERENCE.

AFTER two preliminary postponements and one break-up, the Conference assembled on Wednesday for the second time. The difficulty of bringing the members together seems only to be surpassed by that of getting them to work when they have once met; and it is not at all certain that their labours will lead to any result. Of any really desirable result being arrived at there is no chance whatever, the known object of England being to save the integrity of Denmark, while that of Prussia, Austria, and Germany in general—already too clearly avowed—is to destroy it. At this so-called Conference, the representatives have hitherto not conferred; they have only differed. They could not agree about the time of meeting; and, when a day had at last been fixed which seemed to suit everyone, some kept their appointment, while others remained away without giving any valid reason for their absence. The fact is, people are not fond of "conferring" in any sphere of life unless they have something to gain by it—either immediate pleasure or profit, or future advantages of some kind or other. In the general way of business it is found necessary to fee directors of public companies in order to make sure of their attendance at meetings for the discussion of their own affairs; but no such special and personal temptation could be held out to the representatives of the great European Powers, and it is tolerably evident that the object for which the Conference has been called does not greatly interest any one of these Powers except England.

We have no information as to the sanitary condition of Baron Beust at the present moment. We hope, of course, that he is in the enjoyment of the most robust health, for, otherwise, the Conference may once more be brought abruptly to a full stop. But the health of a diplomatist accredited to a conference is as delicate and sensitive as that of a first tenor, and, like the first tenor, he is in too lofty a position to be called upon to produce medical certificates; he has only to send word that he is too unwell to appear, and there is an end of the matter. We do not know what diplomatic indisposition corresponds precisely to the "*maladie de larynx*" with which operatic singers of the first class are allowed from time to time to be afflicted; but every one is aware that the representative of the Germanic Confederation stopped away as long as he could from the Conference, and that the Prussian and Austrian representatives did not feel justified in presenting themselves during his absence. It is equally notorious that they were all taken by surprise when, the Conference having at last come together, the proposition of an armistice was submitted to it. The plea of "no instructions" seems to have been raised; though, if the German representatives had desired to be instructed on the point, they at least knew long beforehand that it would be brought forward at the very earliest opportunity.

In short, if we have any right to judge the Conference as we should judge other assemblies, and to argue as to what it is likely to do from what it has already done, we may safely

say that no good will come of its deliberations. We are led to the same conclusion if we consider the parts hitherto played by the various Powers represented in the Conference. Of course, Prussia, Austria, and the German Confederation did not want the Conference at all. What they desired was simply that the armies of Germany, aided by numerous levies of Polish, Hungarian, and Italian troops, should be allowed to overrun Denmark at will. The German Powers, through their representatives, are summoned to give an account of their conduct and to pledge themselves, on certain conditions, not to continue it. But they neither like to be called to account, nor are they, apparently, by any means inclined to cease the line of action they are at present pursuing. They are engaged in a winning game, and the feeble protests of England are the only obstacles to prevent them playing it to the end. At first, all they desired was a pledge—"a material guarantee," in the language of the Emperor Nicholas—that Denmark would fulfil certain engagements which it was impossible for her to execute to the letter without losing her hold upon Schleswig, and which it was impossible for her to evade without bringing down upon her the whole force of Germany. France has German subjects in Alsace and Lorraine; Russia has German subjects in the Baltic provinces; and both France and Russia would be in the same dilemma as Denmark if they were not quite strong enough to ensure a full measure of respect from the two German despotisms which are now seeking to plunder a weak neigh-



EMBARKATION OF THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO ON BOARD THE AUSTRIAN WAR-FRIGATE NOVARA AT MIRAMAR.

bour under pretence of fighting for an oppressed German "nationality." No Government ever behaved more fairly than Denmark in its manner of ruling foreign subjects. At one time the Germans of Schleswig had their own laws and institutions just as the French in our Channel islands have always possessed theirs. It was not until after a German political propaganda had been introduced that, for the sake of the purely Danish inhabitants, Schleswig was divided into three districts: a Danish district, in which Danish was the language of the churches, schools, and public offices; a "mixed district," in which Danish and German were used alternately, or side by side; and a German district, in which the recognised official, educational, and clerical language was German alone. This seems a harsh arrangement to the Prussians, who have not one Polish official, and who will not allow one Polish gymnasium to be established in their Polish province of Posen. That Germans should anywhere be governed by Danes is the great scandal that causes all "liberal" Germany to demand the annexation of what they call "Schleswig-Holstein" to the territory of the German Confederation, without any reference to the important fact that the Schleswig portion of this imaginary State has belonged to the Danish monarchy for a thousand years. To put an end to the subjection of Germans to a Danish Government, the German Liberals would dismember Denmark, though they dare not say a word about the dismemberment of France or Russia, where "German nationality" has also to get on as well as it can under foreign rule. It is to be feared that the absolute separation of Holstein and Schleswig from the rest of Denmark will now be demanded. We know at least that that has long been the cry of the "German unity" party, which Prussia wishes to conciliate (that she may ultimately overreach it), and which Austria, for the sake of her position as Prussia's rival, dare not offend.

Russia, who, in the first instance, counselled and urged the invasion of Schleswig as a means of diverting the attention of Europe from Polish affairs, may, it is thought, object now to a definite arrangement by which Prussia would gain a considerable amount of maritime power. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that, if any portion of what was once Denmark should fall into the hands of Prussia, it will be made a pretext by Russia for seizing a portion of Sweden. It will be the history of the partition of Poland repeated in Scandinavia. Prussian writers have always maintained that Frederick the Great was obliged to annex a Polish province in order to counterbalance the influence of Russia in Poland; while the Russians maintain, on the other hand, that it was Frederick's occupation of this province that forced them to join in the scheme of the partition. We believe, then, that Russia would gladly see a portion of Denmark pass under the sovereignty of Prussia; and the absolute separation of Schleswig and Holstein from Denmark would be a first step towards that result. It is only with respect to the intentions and desires of Russia and France that any mystery exists. But the historic policy of Russia renders her the sure ally of Prussia—"the Russian jackal"—in all important questions; while even France seems disinclined to take any very decided attitude against Prussia until the breach between England and all Germany shall have become more decided than it is now.

Unless, then, the Conference should end by sanctioning the dismemberment of the country which England called the Conference together in order to protect, it seems probable that it will break up without coming to any decision at all.

THE EMBARKATION OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT MIRAMAR.

AFTER all kinds of delays and impediments in the negotiations, during which the Emperor of the French and the Mexican deputation were alike in a dilemma, the Mexicans are at last provided with a ruler, and Indians, Zambos, and Gachupinos will realize the blessings of a more or less settled Government. The last hitch was said to have been that not uncommon conjunction of occurrences which exercises so large an influence on mundane affairs—want of funds and outstanding liabilities; but these claims, whatever they were, have been settled, and Mexico will no longer be left to pine for her Emperor.

The crown was, in fact, accepted as long ago as Sunday, the 10th of April, on which day the Archduke received the deputation of notables and solemnly declared his willingness to become the ruler of their country. On Monday, the 18th of April, he was ready to commence his journey, using so much dispatch that he arrived in Rome the same evening, where he was greeted at the railway station by an immense crowd, the French regimental bands playing as he passed through the streets. Here he stayed some time, and received the blessing of his Holiness on his intended journey. He had really embarked at Miramar, however, on board the vessel (the screw-frigate Novara) which, accompanied by the French frigate Themis, afterwards conveyed him to Gibraltar, where, as Emperor Maximilian I. of Mexico, he arrived with the Empress Charlotte on the 24th ult.; and was received with all due honours by the authorities. On the 25th the Emperor and Empress landed privately, declining the usual official honours, and took luncheon with his Excellency the Governor. After passing a few hours on shore, their Majesties returned on board the Novara. The Governor and a few other gentlemen were honoured with invitations to dine with their Majesties in the evening.

DR. CULLEN AND GARIBALDI.—In a pastoral from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Cullen, read in the different Roman Catholic churches and chapels of Dublin on Sunday, a reference is made to the reception of Garibaldi by the people of this country. After urging the necessity of prayer for the welfare of the Church and of its supreme head, the rev. gentleman goes on to say: "You all know how much our holy father has had to suffer for the past, and it is undoubted that his enemies and the enemies of religion are still panting for his destruction. The intensity of the hatred which heresy and infidelity bear to the Pope was never more fully manifested than in the honours lately conferred on an Italian adventurer—a man of no military genius, a man who was successful only when his opponents were bribed to submit to him, and whose career of rapine, perfidy, violence, and revolution was put an end to as soon as he encountered a handful of men faithful to their trust. Yet, because this adventurer had proclaimed himself an enemy of the Pope and had assailed the Catholic priesthood, and blasphemed the doctrines of the Catholic Church, and had apostatized from the faith of his baptism, hundreds of thousands of men and women went out to greet him as a hero, and the nobles and rulers of the land disgraced themselves by paying him honours almost divine. When the man who is the personification of every evil principle, and of everything dangerous to the Church and society, is thus treated in the empire under which we live, we have reason to apprehend great calamities and scourges which can be averted only by prayer."

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The movements of the Austrian fleet, and the counter-movements of the British Channel Squadron, are the chief topics of interest in Paris. The demonstration on the part of our Government is regarded in France as too late, even if it be meant to follow it up (if necessary) by blows, but which course is not considered as probable.

The Emperor received the Japanese Ambassadors on Tuesday, and, while expressing his satisfaction at the adjustment of the late difficulties respecting the treaty, read them a lecture on the necessity respecting international law.

Prince Napoleon has addressed a letter to the Venetian Committee congratulating them upon the publication of a pamphlet, under the title of "Urgency." The Prince believes that the Venetian question demands a speedy solution, and expresses an ardent wish that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic, in accordance with the words of the Emperor.

ITALY.

In the Chamber of Deputies, on Wednesday, the Minister of the Interior, in reply to speeches from several members of the Opposition, stated that it was not for the Government to declare its intentions respecting General Garibaldi and his party, but that it was above all necessary to know how the General and his party intended to act. After the journey of Garibaldi to London, after the eulogy bestowed by Garibaldi on English institutions, and the respect paid by the English nation to the Queen and the laws, the Minister hoped that nobody, apart from the King and the Government, would speak in the name of the country, or pursue a policy differing from that of the Government and in opposition to the Constitution.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

By advices from China we learn that Major Gordon had captured three of the rebel towns, and was marching on Nankin. From Japan we hear that another Englishman had been nearly assassinated at Nagasaki, but under what circumstances is not stated.

NEW ZEALAND.

There has been more fighting in New Zealand. A force under command of Lieutenant-General Cameron made a flank march on the night of the 20th of February, by which the whole of the native strongholds, constructed with immense labour to oppose his advance, were successfully turned. They were immediately evacuated by the natives, who fell back on a strong position in front of Rangiwahia, their principal source of supply. On the 22nd General Cameron attacked this position, which was most gallantly assaulted and carried by the 50th Regiment. We are now in possession of the rich country between the Waipa and Waikato rivers as far as Rangiwahia, from which the natives have retired. There were three officers severely wounded, and four men killed and twenty-four wounded.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

On the 8th ult. the Federals, under Generals Stone and Ransom, advanced from Natchitoches, Louisiana, to Pleasant-hill. The Confederates fell back, skirmishing, for five miles, when they suddenly assaulted the Federals with superior forces, and, after a desperate conflict, routed them with the loss of 2000 men, their artillery, and nearly all their train. Confederate despatches state the Federal loss at 14,000, which is probably a mistake of the telegraph for 4000. Admiral Porter's fleet, which had advanced to within eighty miles of Shreveport, was fiercely assailed on its return down Red River. The transports barely escaped capture.

The Confederate General Wirt Adams had defeated the Federals on Big Black River, in Mississippi, capturing several hundred prisoners, on the 11th.

Cairo despatches state that General Forrest had completely destroyed Fort Pillow, and had gone into Mississippi. General Sherman's account of the capture of Pillow states that 300 coloured troops were murdered by the Confederates. No confirmation of this statement has been received, and even at New York it is believed to be at least exaggerated. Mr. Lincoln declared, in a speech made at Baltimore, that if negro troops were murdered at Fort Pillow, as reported, he would inflict retribution.

The Confederates had attacked Plymouth, North Carolina, where, although repulsed on land, they sunk three Federal gun-boats and still menaced the garrison, and fears were even entertained for the safety of Newbern. Several gun boats had been sent from Fort Monroe to the assistance of the Federal troops.

The Government had stopped the transmission of news from Virginia. It was supposed that Lee or Grant had commenced moving. Deserters report Longstreet to be moving down the Shenandoah Valley, and state that Lee's army had received ten days' rations for a forward movement. Indeed, Lee is reported to have sent a portion of his army across the Rapidan. General Grant had left for the front, and Burnside had gone to Fort Monroe.

The New York *World's* Baltimore correspondent states that the Confederates have thirty iron-clads ready for service—ten at Richmond, five at Mobile, one at Savannah, three on the Meuse River, two on Tar River, and two on the Roanoke. It was also asserted that twenty more would arrive from Europe before the end of June.

THE REVOLT IN ALGERIA AND TUNIS.

ALGERIA.

THE insurrection that has broken out in the province of Oran is said to be in consequence of an old prediction that the year 1864 would be a momentous one for the Arabs—the date of the recovery of their independence.

The leader of the revolt was the great Marabout Si-Seliman-Ben-Hamza. The French believed at first that it would be checked at once, and that Si-Seliman would soon return to his allegiance. He had been invested with one of the highest dignities in Algeria, that of Bach-Agha; for in the hierarchy of the Arab chiefs, which counts 656 Caidas and thirty-four Aghas, there are but nine Caliphs and eight Bach-Aghas. Two months after being raised to that rank Si-Seliman, who had retired for some time to the desert, returned towards the north, followed by large numbers, and by easy marches advanced on Geryville. These movements left no doubt as to his intentions. The French sent reinforcements to Geryville. A column, consisting of 100 infantry, a body of Turcos, and soldiers of the Battalion of Africa, 100 Spahis, and a large force of regular cavalry, set out from Tiarret. Colonel Beauprêtre, Commandant of the circle of Tiarret, left with the column for Geryville, with the object of maintaining tranquillity in the country he was to pass through and punishing the emissaries of the rebel leaders, who were doing their best to raise the country. On the evening of the 7th ult. he encamped about ten leagues from Geryville. A private letter gives some particulars of what followed:—

The infantry being completely knocked up by forced and harassing marches, the guard of the camp had to be intrusted to the cavalry, their advanced posts being thrown out for more than a league round. The Colonel was suffering from illness. About four o'clock in the morning of the 8th the cry "To arms!" was heard close to his tent. Several posts of the irregular cavalry had gone over to the insurgents. The camp was surprised and surrounded. The Colonel started up from his bed in his shirt, leaped on the first horse he could lay hands on, without saddle or bridle, and made the bullet break his left shoulder. Si-Seliman rushed on him, fired, and the Colonel shot him dead on the spot. We know but little of the details of the affair, but what we do know is sad indeed. The 100 infantry, the 60 Turcos, and 400 men of the African battalion formed square under the command of Lieutenant Blanquet. The wounded Colonel and Captain Isnard, head of the Bureau Arab of Tiarret, took their stand in the centre, and the fire was left alive, and the Algerian sharpshooters fought and died like French soldiers. The Colonel was literally cut in pieces. Captain Isnard disappeared; he is said to have been tied to a horse's tail and dragged away. The Spahis either did not make so desperate a resistance or they were more lucky.

About half the squadron, with two native officers, succeeded in reaching Geryville; the rest came in later, with the loss of two French officers, killed in the combat. A portion of the irregular cavalry deserted to the enemy, and this was the cause of the disaster. The others fought well, but were routed. One tribe alone lost ninety-one men. On the side of the French there were about 200 killed, among whom were five French officers—viz., one Colonel, two Captains, one Lieutenant, one sub-Lieutenant, and a French interpreter.

The following proclamation has been issued by Marshal Pelissier, Duke de Malakoff, Governor-General of Algeria, to the Arab and Kabyl tribes:—

Troubles have broken out in the south of the division of Oran, and Si-Seliman, th-Bach-Agha of the Ouled Sidi-Cheikh, departing from the course honourably pursued by Si-Hamsa, his father, and Si-Bon Beker, his brother, has become the chief of the movement. The commandant of the circle of Tiarret, who repaired to Ainbon-Beker with a detachment of infantry and some Goums, was surprised by the insurgents. A portion of the Goums abandoned him, and this superior officer was cut off with the few men who remained. Si-Seliman was killed at the commencement of the engagement, but his young brother, who succeeded him, has also incited the population to revolt. Many tribes of the South have replied to his appeal, and chiefs who have long followed the flag of France have placed themselves at their head. Troops are now on the march, and the insurrection will soon be suppressed. No one can entertain the idea that France does not chastise treason, that she does not maintain her authority where she has established it, and where she exercises it with justice and benevolence. These events, however, and the comments to which they give rise, may throw disquietude into the minds of the chiefs and the populations. There are people who incessantly declare that the Arab nation has ceased to exist, and that the time is at hand when bach-aghas, aghas, caids, cheikhs, cadhis, and others, will completely disappear. These words are without aim; they are not the expression of the idea of the French Government. Let the native chiefs be reassured, and the tribes remain calm. Is this a time, when the abundant harvest of last year and the hope of a more magnificent return in the present give to all the hope of comfort and prosperity, to recommence disorders, wars, and insurrections, with the inevitable misfortunes following in their track? If the populations, forgetful of the past, have no confidence in the present, let them peruse the letter addressed to me by the Emperor on the 6th of February, 1863. They will there see how benevolent are the intentions of the Government towards them. They will find a sure guarantee for the future in his Majesty's words, "I am as well the Emperor of the Arabs as the Emperor of the French."

The *Moniteur* announces that advices received by the Minister of War from Algiers, dated April 27, state that the French troops were masters of the situation in the southern division of Oran. By the junction of the columns of Generals Deligny and Martineau, no possibility existed of any further spread of the insurrection.

TUNIS.

A letter from Tunis, dated April 25, represents the state of affairs as extremely serious, and states that the revolt of the tribes has assumed threatening proportions. The insurgents had defeated the troops sent against them, and were encamped at a short distance from the capital. Little dependence could be placed upon the garrison of Tunis or upon the population. Reinforcements which the Bey had sent for were not forthcoming, and the concessions he had made to the insurgents in respect of the tax which caused the outbreak had not appeased them. A conspiracy to plunder the houses of the Europeans in Tunis had caused considerable alarm, but energetic measures had been taken by the different Consuls to protect life and property.

Turkey, as well as France, England, and Italy, have dispatched naval armaments to Tunis. The insurgents have cut the telegraphic cable to Cape Bona. They are in force at Keff, where between 15,000 and 20,000 are reported in arms.

DEATH OF MEYERBEER.

MEYERBEER, the eminent German composer, died in Paris a few days ago. The deceased was born in Berlin, on the 5th of September, 1794, and consequently, at the time of his death, was nearly seventy years of age. As a child he was extremely precocious, and his musical talent came to him so early that when only seven years old he was celebrated, and at nine a German critic spoke of him as one of the best pianists of Berlin. Under less favourable circumstances he would doubtless have been prematurely brought before the public as a prodigy, to contradict, perhaps, in manhood the promises of his youth. But his father, James Beer, a Jew banker, was very wealthy, and Giacomo Meyerbeer, as the composer afterwards called himself, Italianising his name, only appeared occasionally, principally at amateur concerts, and had plenty of opportunities afforded him for study. With what result he availed himself of them is known throughout the world. Meyerbeer did not, however, at once obtain a high position in music. His first opera, "Jephtha's Daughter," was represented at Munich, in 1812, with but indifferent success; but the numerous works he afterwards produced, and which extended over nearly the whole range of musical composition, secured for him a wide reputation, and proved that his talents were of no common order. Of these productions the "Crociato in Egitto," produced in Venice in 1825, may be said to have laid the foundation of his European fame. In 1831 he produced his grand work, "Robert the Devil," and henceforth Meyerbeer was recognised as a master. "The Huguenots" followed, in 1836, and "The Prophet" in 1849, both operas at once taking that commanding position on the lyric stage which they have ever since maintained. "L'Etoile du Nord," a work in a different style, but distinguished by the same charm of genius, followed in 1854, and "Le Pardon de Ploermel" still more recently. It has long been known that the deceased composer had finished another work, "L'Africaine," and that his scrupulous and perhaps fastidious anxiety to secure for it a satisfactory interpretation has alone kept it from the public. Its production may now, it is to be presumed, be looked for at no distant date.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday at its house, John-street, Adelphi—Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S., V.P., in the chair. Mr. Lewis, the secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, a reward of £6 was voted to the crew of the Withernsea life-boat of the institution for putting off and rescuing a fishing-boat and her crew of three men from destruction. There was a very heavy surf on at the time, and the poor men found it impossible to make the shore through it. A reward of £3 was also voted to the crew of the New Brighton tubular life-boat belonging to the institution for going off and rendering important services to the barque Corea, of Guernsey, which had stranded during squally weather on Taylor's Bank, Liverpool. The society's life-boat at Southwold had also gone off and saved from destruction two fishing-boats and their crews, who were in danger of being overwhelmed. A reward of £15 was also voted to the crew of Caistor (Norfolk) yawl for going off and rescuing nine men from a boat belonging to the brig Alice, of Newcastle, which, during blowing weather, had been wrecked on the Scroby Sands. A reward of £12 was likewise granted to the crew of a Scratby (Norfolk) yawl, in consideration of their laudable services in saving the crew of six men and one woman from a boat belonging to the schooner Undaunted, of London. A reward of £12 was also voted to a boat's crew for putting off and saving, in a terrific sea, a fishing-boat's crew of five men, who were observed to be in a dangerous position off Hilton, on the Scotch coast. The poor men, when rescued, were benumbed with cold and perfectly exhausted. Various other rewards were voted to the crews of shore boats and others for saving life from different shipwrecks on the coast. It was reported that the French Government had requested the favour of the institution to order for it three life-boats, complete in every way, to be stationed on exposed points of the French coast. The life-boat builders, Messrs. Forrest, had also ready two life-boats to send to Holland and Bremen. It was stated that Captain Reed, R.N., of Marlborough, was collecting in Wiltshire the cost of a life-boat station; and that Mr. R. Affleck, of Manchester, Mr. W. Bishop, of Boston, and other commercial travellers, were also raising amongst their body the expenses of a life-boat establishment. Legacies had recently been received from the executors of the following persons:—The late Mr. W. Websdale, of Ipswich, £17 16s.; Mrs. Ann Thompson, of Blackheath, £82 8s. 1d.; Newman Smith, Esq., £50; and Edmund Clowes, Esq., had sent the society a donation of one hundred guineas. A report was read from the assistant inspector of life-boats to the institution, Captain D. Robertson, R.N., on his recent visit of inspection of its life-boats on the Irish coast, all of which he found in excellent order. The institution decided on issuing some new instructions for the restoration of the apparently drowned, based on the combined principles of Dr. Marshall Hall and Dr. H. R. Silvester. Payments amounting to nearly £1200 having been made on various life-boat establishments, the proceedings terminated.

A NICE SUBJECT FOR A PANTOMIME.—At the reopening of the Paris Hippodrome the other day some very serious disturbances took place. Seats were thrown into the arena by the audience, and thrown back again in the excitement of the moment by one of the attendants. Hisses and cries were heard on every side, and the uproar became so great that a number of persons prudently left the building. It now appears that the cause of this unusual scene was an equestrian pantomime, founded upon the exploits of the notorious cut-throats of the Aunis, and openly announced for performance under the straightforward title of "The Calabrias; or, the Brigands Cipriano and Giona!" A stranger subject for a theatrical performance than the atrocities of the wretches who still lie under sentence of death for those atrocities could scarcely have been selected.

IRELAND.

ANCIENT USAGE AND MODERN PRACTICE.—A singular case came before the Master of the Rolls, Dublin, last week. A tenant claimed a fee-farm grant of premises which he held under a lease dated 1738, containing the strange covenant—no doubt characteristic of Irish life in "the good old times"—that the renewal fine was to be a sum of £15 or a hogshhead of "right good claret." The present landlord—rather, we may assume, from a strong veneration for ancient usages than under the influence of the commercial spirit of this degenerate age—elects to have the claret. The choice evinces, if not good taste and a hospitable frame of mind, at least a keen sense of the increased marketable value of the "right good" beverage, the genuine brand being now computed to be worth one hundred guineas. Under these circumstances a nice and delicate question was submitted to the Master of the Rolls—namely, to determine what equivalent sum should be paid by the tenant. Counsel for the tenant contended that the claret should not be of the very highest, nor yet of a low class, but a respectable medium, and that £55 would be enough to pay. Counsel for the landlord submitted that this was quite too small a figure. His Honour, who is admittedly "not a bad judge," felt himself unable to decide the point. Perhaps the dinner-table might be a more appropriate place to discuss such a subject than the bench.

THE PROVINCES.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS.—A discovery of considerable interest to antiquarians has been made in digging for the foundation of the memorial to the late Sir George Lewis, which is to be erected on a commanding eminence at New Radnor. Soon after the workmen had commenced operations solid walls of great thickness were here and there discovered, and, on going down to the depth of 12 ft., the floors of rooms, dungeons, court-yards, and dark passages of various kinds were seen. In fact, much of the remains of Radnor Castle was thus unexpectedly brought to light, many of the moulded windows and arched doorways being apparently but little injured. Some of the windows, indeed, contain their original iron gratings. The moulded details of the remains date back as far as the thirteenth century, and are good specimens of the style. On these discoveries being made, the committee consulted the architect of the memorial, Mr. John Gibbs, of Oxford, and the unanimous opinion was that the discovered remains should be preserved and a fresh site selected. The memorial will now, therefore, be erected not far from the foot of the Castle-hill, and at a point where the road diverges right and left from the Kingston-road. Altogether the change may be considered advantageous, as the passer-by on either road will now be enabled to examine the details of the memorial without the trouble of ascending the hill. It is expected that the memorial will be inaugurated during the month of October next.

THE SOUTH YORKSHIRE COLLIERS' LOCK-OUT.—The lock-out of the colliers in the South Yorkshire district continues without the slightest prospect of its terminating, both masters and men looking upon the struggle as one of no ordinary importance, and which, as such, must be fought with determination. Of the 3700 men out of employ, either by the strike or lock-out, little more than one third belong to the Miners' Union and receive support from its funds. The remaining two thirds are now suffering the greatest privation, the Board of Guardians having given orders for the house to the majority of the applicants for relief. A great many families went into the workhouse, but after a single night in it they left in deep disgust, preferring outdoor liberty and want to the cold routine and rations of the union. To lessen the number of men receiving relief, several noblemen and gentlemen in London are raising a fund for the purpose of sending some of them to the Northern States of America, and there are already more than 200 names down of men desirous of going. All that they are required to pay is £1 towards their passage-money. During the last week or two a number of the men who have been locked out have joined the union, which is daily adding to its strength. The masters seem determined not to give way in the least, and their last meeting was adjourned for a month, thus showing that they are content to leave matters in *status quo*.

THE LATE SHEFFIELD CALAMITY.—A meeting of the general committee for the administration of the distress fund was held at Sheffield, on Friday afternoon week, the Mayor (Mr. Jessop) presiding. The statistics read gave the actual receipts up to the present time at £42,751. There are further sums lying in London and elsewhere at the order of the committee, amounting, with sums promised in Sheffield, to it is estimated, £10,000, making the total subscription £52,751. The sums already paid over to the district committees and otherwise expended in relief amount to £19,811, leaving a balance of £32,939 still undisposed of. The total number of persons relieved is 20,537, and there remain to be permanently provided for eleven widows and forty orphans. Thus far relief has been given only to those poor people who were in actual distress from the loss of their food, clothing, furniture, or means of livelihood, a transfer of all the larger claims having been taken to the Mayor with a view to a demand being made hereafter upon the water company, so far as they are legally and justly liable. There are still a large number of claimants of various descriptions, and a long discussion took place as to how their claims should be dealt with. Among the claims put forward are those of schools, chapels, and churches which have been damaged by the flood; small tradesmen, so crippled that waiting until they can obtain compensation from the water company would be ruinous; owners of small plots of cottage property entirely dependent on their rents; and small shareholders in the water company, who are in absolute want from the loss of their dividends. Much difference of opinion existed as to the proper mode of dealing with these various cases, some gentlemen suggesting that relief should be afforded to all on a transfer of their claims to the Mayor, and others objecting that the supporters of schools, churches, and chapels must provide for them, and that it would be a misappropriation to apply any part of the fund to the relief of shareholders in the water company, however distressing their cases. Eventually, a resolution was passed unanimously dissolving the district relief committees, and leaving all further claims to be dealt with by the executive committee, consisting of the Mayor and other gentlemen, at their discretion.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

FINSBURY.—Another candidate in the Liberal interest has started for the vacancy in the representation of this borough which is to be caused by the retirement of Sir M. Peto. The new candidate is a Mr. Phillips, who declares himself to be in favour of a speedy extension of the franchise, the abolition of church rates, financial reform, as well as reform in our national expenditure. He is also in favour of non-intervention in the affairs of other States, and of an extension of municipal privileges, and an amendment of the law of settlement.

STOCKPORT.—Mr. E. W. Watkin having accepted the invitation of the Stockport Reform Association to become a candidate for the seat vacated by the death of Mr. Kershaw, the Conservatives have placarded an announcement that, in view of the short remaining term of the present Parliament, they will not contest the return of Mr. Watkin now, but reserve their efforts for the general election. Mr. Watkin will stand as an independent Liberal and a general supporter of the present Government.

WEST KENT.—Sir Edmund Filmer, who was first returned to Parliament in 1859, has intimated his intention to retire from the representation of the county at the close of the present Parliament.

WORCESTER.—Mr. H. Ailsopp, of Hindlip Hall, and head of the great brewery firm at Burton-on-Trent, has started in the Conservative interest for the borough of Worcester.

THETFORD.—Lord Frederick Fitzroy has intimated his intention to retire from the representation of Thetford on the dissolution of the present Parliament, and intends to offer himself as a candidate for South Northamptonshire.

PEMBROKE BOROUGH.—Sir Hugh Owen, Bart., the present member for the Pembroke Boroughs, has intimated his attention of retiring at the next general election. It is reported that Sir Samuel Morton Peto, Bart., M.P. for Finsbury, will be asked to become a candidate for the seat; and Mr. R. Potter, chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, has also been named as a probable candidate in the Liberal-Conservative interest.

POOLE.—Mr. Waring, a railway contractor, has announced himself as a candidate in the Liberal interest for the representation of Poole, in Dorset, at the next general election.

KILDARE.—It is rumoured that the Right Hon. Richard M. O'Ferrall, the popular representative for Kildare, intends to retire from the representation of that county. It also stated that Lord Otho Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, will offer himself on popular principles in the event of the retirement of Mr. Moore O'Ferrall.

THE CONFERENCE.—The members of the Conference upon the affairs of Denmark assembled at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury on Wednesday, but very little progress was made towards the solution of the questions upon which they had met to deliberate. Not even the preliminary difficulty of an armistice was adjusted. The representatives of the belligerent Powers accepted the proposals of the neutral Powers only that they might be transmitted to their respective Governments, and the Conference then adjourned until Monday next, by which time it is hoped that the Courts of Vienna and Berlin will have provided their representatives with sufficient instructions. In the meantime it must be remembered that a practical suspension of hostilities obtains, though no formal armistice has been concluded.

THE SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Although the official programme of the festival closed with the grand costume-ball on the evening of Friday week, there have been several supplementary pageants, balls, and performances since, among which was a procession on Saturday, got up by the populace, and in which the horses and artists of a circus formed the leading features. Mr. Tom King, the pugilist, figuring in the character of St. George. The affair was not very successful or imposing. Several extra theatrical performances have also been given, the whole concluding with the performance of "Much Ado about Nothing," on Wednesday night. There was to have been a balloon ascent, but enough gas could not be had, so the project had to be abandoned.

VOLUNTEER RECRUITING IN NEW YORK.

OUR Engraving represents one of the recruiting-stations established in New York since the last call of the President for additional volunteers to reinforce the Federal army. Whatever may be the patriotism of the people, it is quite certain that the Government is compelled now to offer it a very large stimulus before it can be persuaded to grow into action; and, as an equal advantage is held out to the army-touts (who may, perhaps, prefer the euphonious title of military agents) in the shape of hand-money for every recruit they bring to the Northern ranks, the art of inducing men to enlist has grown into a profession, and the path of glory commences sometimes very abruptly at the adjacent bar-room. There are terrible stories—of many of which there can be no doubt—of men being drugged, and taken half insensible to be enrolled in some regiment soon to be sent on active service; and the sketch from which our Engraving is taken indicates the method pursued by the jackals of the army to provide "volunteer recruits."

The prominent position held by these fellows (many of them the very scum of the population) in securing men to fill the ranks of the Northern force is in itself a deplorable evidence of the condition of things in New York; and a Government which is compelled to make use of such instruments and to offer such inducements can scarcely pretend to rely upon the patriotism of the people. There are not wanting other indications of the prevailing feeling of the citizens, however; for early in the present month a meeting of working men, numbering some 20,000, assembled to denounce the conscription and to protest against the proposed law prohibiting combinations to procure a rise of wages, most of the speakers complaining of the advance in the price of the necessities of life consequent upon the enormous issues of paper currency.

The truth is that, while there are marvellous evidences of luxury and extravagance, caused by this false monetary position and by the immense expenditure of the Government, there is an awful amount of want and misery, which is now coming out from back streets and hidden places into the fashionable thoroughfares. The once proud boast of the Americans that mendicancy was unknown in their streets, and that every labourer, male or female, who was willing to work was certain of liberal wages, is no longer justified. New York is as full of street mendicants as London, and the professional begging-letter impostors drive as busy a trade in the purlieus of Broadway as they do under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, with this difference in favour of the New York adepts—that the police take no cognisance of their deeds, and that no society for the suppression of mendicancy is in existence to trouble or to expose them. The working man, it is true, earns larger wages than he could have earned in the Old World; but, as the price of provisions, clothing, fuel, and lodging has increased upwards of 100 per cent since the war commenced, and the value of the paper dollar has diminished to about 60 cents, he finds that he is not half as well paid as he was in the happy days of President Buchanan, and vents his wrath—in the first place against his employer, and in the last against the war and all who have had anything to do in fomenting and conducting it. This will explain the difficulty of obtaining recruits to make up the large increase in the army demanded by the last presidential decree; and, as usual, both touts and officers use all their influence to induce the foreign residents to take up arms for the patriotic cause. For it cannot be denied that foreigners have played a most conspicuous part in the war. Without their aid the North might long ago have been forced to give up the contest. And, as a large portion of the foreigners in New York are revolutionists by education and character, it will severely tax the resources of the Federal Government to keep them in subjection if any great disaster should befall the Federal armies in the ensuing campaign. As a rule, the foreigners are disgusted with the conduct of the war under Mr. Lincoln's Administration, and, being mostly labouring men, mechanics, and small shopkeepers, are suffering from the evils of a depreciated currency and an enhanced price of all the necessities of life. There are thousands of Germans in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey city, and Staten Island who fought against their own Governments in the streets of Vienna, Berlin, Frankfurt, Leipzig, Dresden, and other cities in 1848 and 1849, and who have brought with them to their new country the Red Republican and Communist ideas which drove them into insurrection at home. There are also many thousands of Irishmen who hate the negroes with a cordiality which the Irish always infuse into their aversions as freely as into their loves, and who have been reduced by the war from that condition of comparative affluence which every man enjoys who can put a little money into the savings-bank to that in which, with all his exertions, he finds it next to impossible to make both ends meet. Both these sections of the foreign population are in a state of chronic discontent, and no longer volunteer to fight the battles of the Government; for, if they have been for any length of time residents in the city, they keep aloof in sullen dissatisfaction. If either Irish or Germans offer themselves, they are the new comers, who are tempted by the bounty-money and know no better.

New York is the general port of destination, and Yankee recruiting agents, inveigling husbands and brothers, ply them well with drink, carry them off to fill the broken ranks of the Federal armies, and the poor wives, daughters, and sisters are left to misery and crime. The result is that upwards of 40,000 Irish women are wandering outcasts in New York alone.

The fact is that, at present, the tide of emigration pours into this city like a flood; and, as scarcely a day passes without one or two arrivals in steam or sailing ships, each as heavily laden with human life as its decks will carry, it would seem as if the expected average of 5000 per week would soon be over-passed, and that as many as 1000 persons a day would for some time to come be withdrawn from the European and added to the American population. Mr. Seward, however, is not entirely satisfied with these arrivals. They include too many women and children, and too many decrepit old men. So that if now or hereafter any agents of the Federal Government land in Ireland in search of able-bodied men, whose passage they offer to pay to America, it should be understood, once for all, by the British Government and the people that they are wanted as soldiers only, and not as workmen, and that the ordinary emigration from Ireland and Germany is rapidly filling up the gaps in the ranks of labour which the war has created. There may be patriotism in the undertaking, as the Americans understand the word, but there is neither benevolence nor philanthropy. "Food for powder" is what the Federal Government demands; and, as young Americans no longer desire to offer themselves as alimant to pamper the greedy maw of the war demon, young Irishmen and Germans must be sought, if craft or cash can procure them.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

It would seem that the triumph of the French arms in Mexico has now been nearly completed, and it only remains to deal with the still greater difficulty of settling the new Government on a solid basis.

The French occupation may now be said to extend from Vera Cruz and Tampico to Mexico, and to Guadalajara and Jalisco on the Pacific coast. The largest force of Liberals, or Juaristas, or banditti in the field, does not exceed 4000 men. Such a force, under General Uraga, occupied a strong natural position at the Barrancas of Atenquique, between Guadalajara and Colima, but it is confronted by a strong force under the French General Garnier. General Doblado is said to have been routed by the Indian Megia near San Luis Potosi; and as for the President or ex-President Juarez, a variety of conflicting rumours prevail as to his whereabouts. He is said now to be at Monterey, now at Matamoros, and now at Brownsville, in Texas. Troops he has none; and whether his funds are exhausted or not is problematical, but it is certain that he took 250,000 dols. in gold away from Mexico with him. Miramon is in Guadalajara, endeavouring to raise a Mexican brigade for the Imperial service; but the French are said to look upon his exertions with great jealousy and to thwart him in every possible way.

The Commander-in-Chief is actively employed in organising a foreign legion, to number, it is said, some 10,000 or 12,000 men, and enable the French to return all the sooner to France. The men are to take service for ten years, and then to be allowed to retire upon the full pay of their rank, calculated according to the French scale. All nationalities are to be admitted, even Mexicans. Many are of opinion that it would have been better to have confined this corps exclusively to foreigners. Whether the inducements offered will prove sufficient to attract French troops and foreigners of respectability generally may be doubted; and in a country like Mexico, where free lands exist to such extent that the only difficulty is to know how to get them inhabited, it may be worthy of some consideration whether the members of the foreign legion, or some portion of them at least, might not after their time of service is expired be turned into useful colonists by giving them either individually or collectively grants of lands in the different States; thus securing the benefit of their military organisation in years to come.

Meanwhile, it is asserted that the "conciliatory mission" of the French army is becoming better understood; and it cannot be doubted that even the guerrillas find it the best policy to give in their submissive adhesion to the powers that be.

Our Engraving represents a party of the chiefs of these worthies who lately presented themselves before the commandant of the city of Mexico, General Neigre, to offer the allegiance to which they have, in fact, been compelled by the admirable administration of the city under the care of its French governor, who has induced them to submit by the wise publication of a general amnesty.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

POSITION OF THE ARMIES.

Nearly the whole of Jutland is now in possession of the Germans, who are still pushing their forces further north. Little fighting has taken place since the capture of Düppel, as the Danes offer no opposition.

Fredericia has been evacuated by the orders of the Danish Government. The most valuable material of war and the stores of gunpowder were brought away, and the guns left behind were spiked. Two of the brigades of the allies immediately occupied the place.

The fortifications of Fredericia are to be demolished, and Marshal Wrangel has imposed a war contribution of £96,000 on the people of Jutland as a first instalment. The municipality of Horsens having refused to pay the portion imposed on their town, the Marshal at once ordered them to be conveyed to Rendsburg.

The semi-official journal of Berlin states that the two great Powers of Germany have not offered hitherto to relinquish the possession of Jutland, either on the suspension of the blockade or the evacuation of Alsens. They have declared themselves ready to make concessions respecting the possession of Jutland should an armistice be concluded, comprising the suspension of the blockade, the surrender of the captured vessels, and the evacuation of the Schleswig islands.

GENERAL GONDRECOURT AT THE BATTLE OF OBERSELK.

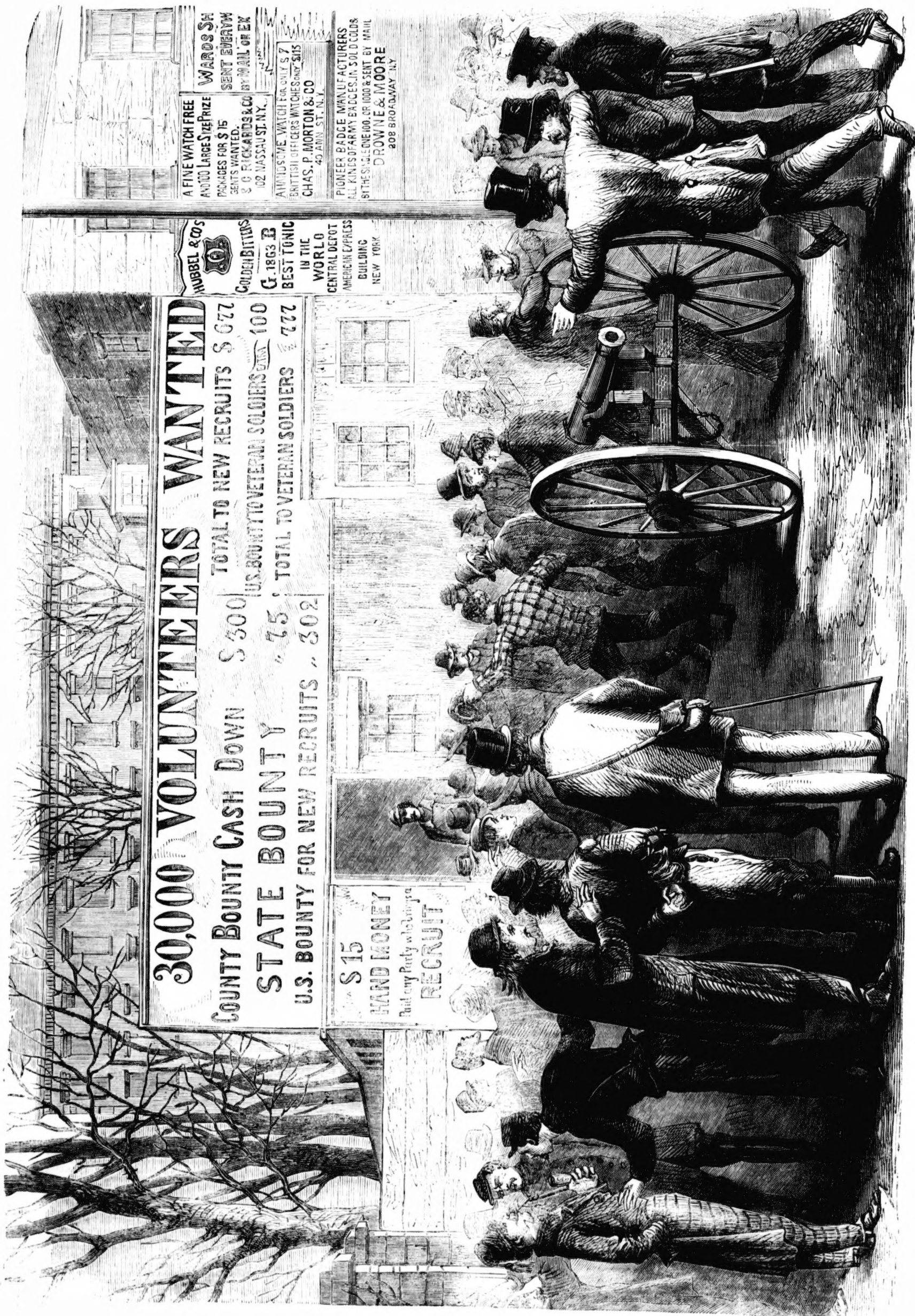
Our Engraving represents one of the earlier scenes of the Danish war, during the Austrian attack on the approaches to the Danneberg. The Battle of Oberselk was, perhaps, the most important advantage gained by the Austrian force before the abandonment of the fortifications, and it was thought of sufficient magnitude to be intrusted to General Count Gondrecourt, who commanded the infantry, rifle, and artillery brigades, composed of Galicians, Hungarians, Bohemians, and Styrians. It will thus be seen that the representatives of oppressed nationalities now in a state of chronic rebellion helped to swell the ranks of the Austrian army of occupation, and at the outset of the war the work was principally done by these troops, on whom the losses fell most heavily. The fraternisation of the two armies was also doubtful in many cases, although they were so often closely engaged. It is said, that at the Battle of Oberselk, the Polish regiment was the most distinguished by its courage and address. Of the Austrian army corps, which marched in two columns upon Lottorf and Gottorf, the vanguard of the first column was the brigade of General Gondrecourt, and it was this brigade which first encountered two Danish squadrons on the heights. This was but the commencement of the engagement, which resulted in the storming of the Oberselk and the strong position of the Königsberg immediately in its rear. In these operations the brigade of General Gondrecourt suffered very severely, and was, consequently, relieved on the following night by another body of troops which held the advance, while their comrades occupied both the Upper and Lower Selk, the two villages at the southern extremity of the Schlei, where the sharpest fighting had occurred. Our Engraving represents the General and his Staff after the engagement.

HADERSLEBEN.

Hadersleben, which occupies the northernmost portion of the duchy of Schleswig, has been a place of considerable importance during the Danish war since it became a principal position of the Austrian army of occupation. The town is situated in a valley where the Hadersleben Damm communicates by a little stream with the Hadersleben Fjord in the Little Belt. It consists of an old and a new town, the former of which played no unimportant part in the vicissitudes of the country from 1228 to 1557, and onward to the present time. Perhaps the two principal buildings are the Danish and the German churches, the latter of which is a very handsome structure; but there are also a courthouse, a school, an hospital, and a number of breweries, distilleries, and manufactories. The harbour, which until lately was only a winter haven of the fifth class with about 7 ft. of water, has been improved, and both it and the fjord have been considerably deepened. The outer harbour is at the custom-house at Stevelt. The bailliwick of which Hadersleben is the capital is the largest in the duchy, possessing an area of 584 geographical square miles, and a population of about 50,000 souls.

UNDER SECRETARIES' INDEMNITY.—The Attorney-General, Viscount Palmerston, and Sir G. Grey have brought in a bill to "indemnify certain persons from any penal consequences which they may have incurred by sitting and voting as members of the House of Commons while holding the office of Under Secretary of State." By this bill Mr. Layard, Mr. C. Fortescue, Mr. H. Bruce, Mr. F. S. Baring, and the Marquis of Hartington are "indemnified, freed, and discharged" from and against all penalties, forfeitures, incapacities, and disabilities whatsoever (if any) incurred or to be incurred by them or any or either of them for or by reason of an infringement of the provisions of the Act of Parliament 21 and 22 Vict., cap. 106.

RAINE'S MARRIAGE PORTION.—Mr. Henry Raine was a brewer in the parish of St. George-in-the-East, and in the year 1719 he founded the Lewes schools, in Old Gravel-lane, for the education of fifty boys and fifty girls. Some years later he extended this charity by building and endowing a new school, called the Asylum, to which institution forty of the most deserving girls who had continued in the Lewes schools were elected. Here they were wholly clothed, maintained, and educated, being finally made fit for entering domestic service. The benevolence of Mr. Raine did not stop even at this advanced stage of useful action. His interest in the welfare of his adopted children followed them into the world, and he devised a very pleasing scheme by which their desert in after-life should be recognised and rewarded. In short, he offered as an annual prize the handsome gift of one hundred guineas, to be bestowed as a marriage portion on one of the girls who might be about to enter the holy bonds of wedlock, her choice of a husband being approved by the trustees. Those young women who have attained the age of twenty-two years, and who are sufficiently recommended for their piety and good conduct, are all eligible as candidates, and their right to the dowry is determined by the drawing of lots. This interesting ceremony takes place on the 1st of May; but as the day happened to fall this year on a Sunday its celebration was postponed for twenty-four hours. On Monday there were three candidates for the next marriage gift, and before their claims were decided the marriage of the last successful applicant, Emma Harmer, with the man of her choice, John Maurice Stevens, was celebrated in the parish church of St. George. The marriage ceremony was performed between nine and ten o'clock, and was followed by Divine service, at which all the trustees of the fund were present. The children, boys and girls, to the number of 140, were also in attendance. Upon the return of the children and the trustees to the asylum, the drawing for £100 for the next occasion took place, after which the bride and bridegroom, with their friends, were entertained in the matron's room. The happy couple afterwards received, at the hands of the treasurer, the hundred guineas, in a silken bag.



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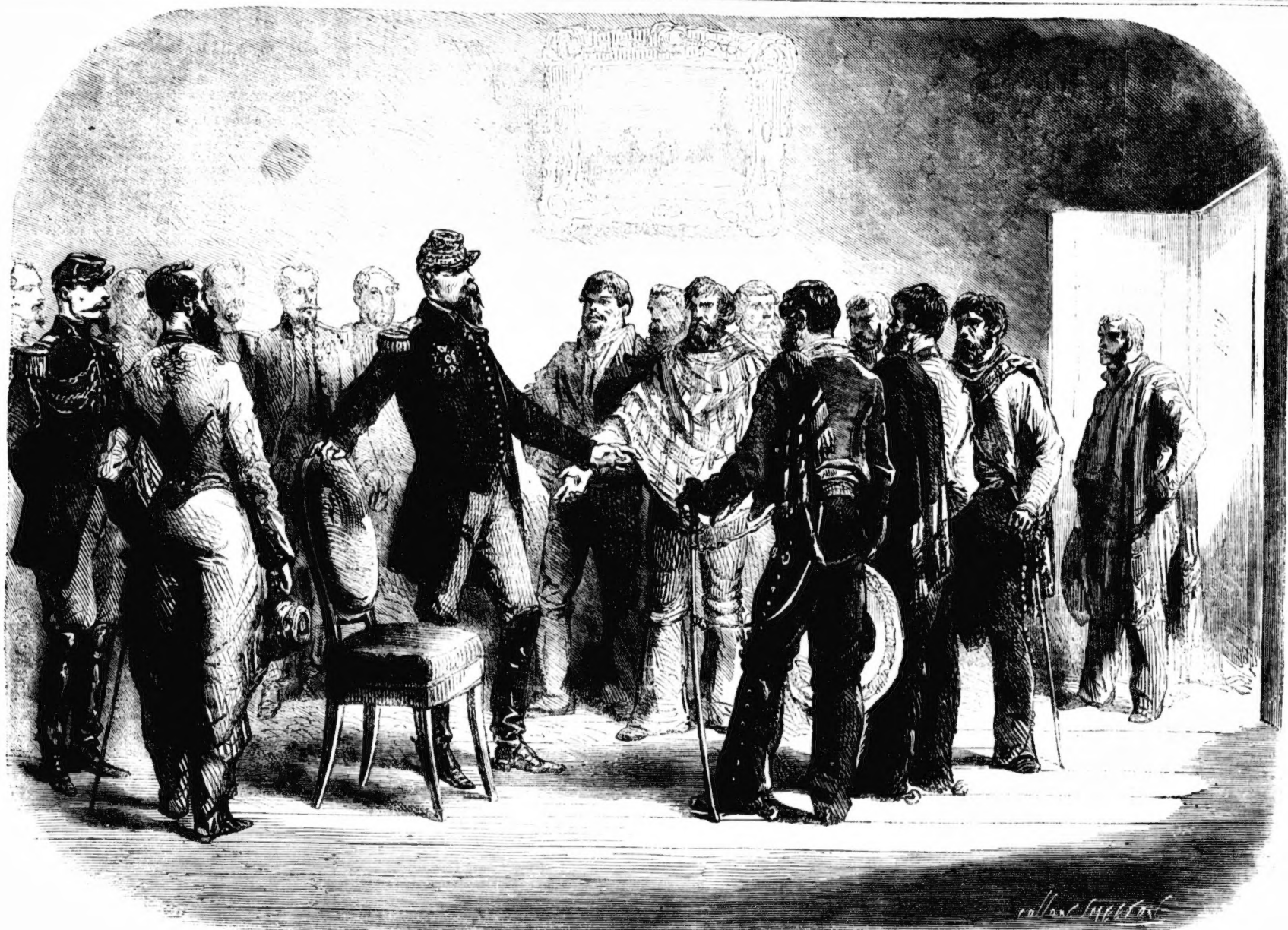
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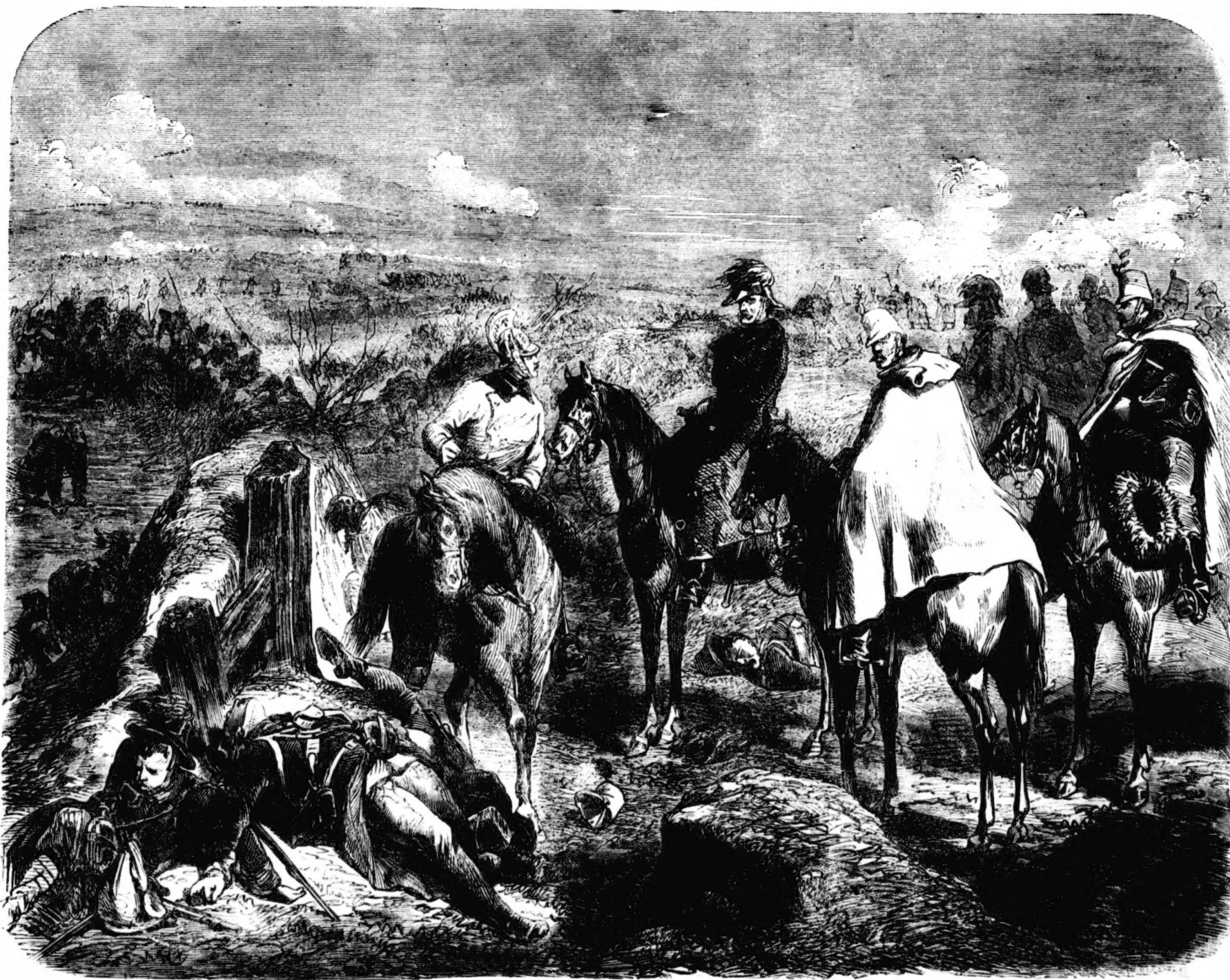
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MEXICAN GUERRILLAS MAKING THEIR SUBMISSION TO THE FRENCH MILITARY AUTHORITIES



THE WAR IN DENMARK: GENERAL COUNT GONDRECAULT AND HIS STAFF AT THE BATTLE OF OBER-ELK.—SEE PAGE 291.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 234.

NEWDEGATE AND SALT.

In the debate upon the Newdegate Church-rate Bill, which measure, by a majority of one hundred exactly, was consigned to the old Parliamentary dustbin into which so many legislative futilities are annually thrown to rot, a new speaker made his appearance—to wit, Mr. Salt, not Mr. Titus Salt, of Saltaire, the inventor and manufacturer of alpaca, but Mr. Thomas Salt. Salt of Saltaire left us some two years ago. He was elected in 1859; but, finding that Parliamentary duties were not compatible with business or health, he, like a wise man, quenched his ambition, to take care of his property and prolong his life. He represented Bradford. Mr. Thomas Salt also came into Parliament in 1859. Stafford, notable for the manufacture of ladies' shoes, is the place which has secured the valuable services of Mr. Thomas Salt. He is a young man, of unassuming appearance; and, whilst looking at him, you would imagine that he would, like his silent namesake, never aspire to oratorical honours. Suddenly, however, to our surprise, he rose in his place to address the House. And, truth to say, he spoke fluently enough—strung together all the old commonplaces and platitudes about church rates which we know so well with considerable joinery skill—and but for his conventional tone and manner he would have succeeded in making a respectable speech; but the tone and manner spoiled all. We all know the dull, droning, drawing style of the pulpit. Think, then, reader, of the dulllest preacher whom you ever heard drone from a pulpit, and you will have a facsimile of Mr. Salt. Mr. Newdegate gives you the idea of a preacher rather than of a Parliamentary speaker; but the hon. member for North Warwickshire is liveliness itself compared with Mr. Salt. "It is a dull debate," said a member as he came out of the House. "Newdegate is a tough bit to digest; but Newdegate with Salt is intolerable." And with this witticism we will leave Mr. Salt.

A LAWYERS' DEBATE.

In the debate on the Tuscaloosa eleven lawyers spoke. Indeed, with the exception of two sailors—Sir John Hay and Sir James Elphinstone, who run in couples, *par nobile fratrum*, and both dull souls—all the speakers were lawyers. Our readers may be sure, therefore, that the debate was not a lively one. The region of attorneyism is always dreary. It is a mere logical battle-ground, a place where they split hairs, where the discovery of the truth is not so much the object of the speakers as the display of their logical powers; and here nobody is sincere. Mr. Peacocke, who inaugurated the debate, and Sir Hugh Cairns, and others, denounced the seizure of the Tuscaloosa. Mr. Attorney-General and his colleagues, with four or five more of the smaller legal fry, supported it. But suppose that something of the same sort should happen in the reign of the coming Tory Government; in that case, presto! the scene would change, and we should have the Whig lawyers as assailants and the Tories defendants in the cause. There was a strong whip out, as we say here, on the occasion. During the evening upwards of 500 members came down to the house, and at one time the Conservatives confidently expected a majority. But, somehow, they could not hold their men. Many slipped away and would not return; and so it happened that only 404 divided; and, instead of a majority for the Conservatives, the Government won by thirty-four. This was a heavy blow and great discouragement for the Conservative chief, for the Tuscaloosa business was one of the trump cards of the Session. It had been much talked about, and, by some of the more sanguine of the party, it was thought that, possibly, it might win the game. Alas for Conservative hopes! are they never to be realised? Surely, Tantalus was not more painfully tantalised than our thirsty expectants of office. As the noble Premier said, "they gain seats, but they cannot get votes."

DISRAELI LEADS HIS PARTY INTO A DITCH.

On Friday night week the Conservative chief made another blunder, threw for a triumph and lost it; and, as Lord Robert Cecil would phrase it, or would have phrased it before "the reconciliation," once more led his party into a ditch. The case was this:—Mr. Berkeley—ballot-box Berkeley—again brought before the House the wrongs of a Mr. Bewicke, of Threepwood Hall, Northumberland. Mr. Bewicke was wrongfully convicted of having resisted the Sheriff's officers who had come to levy a distress upon his goods for costs in an action by firing a pistol at the men, and was sentenced to four years' penal servitude; but soon afterwards he succeeded in convicting the witnesses of conspiracy and perjury, and got them sentenced to penal servitude and himself pardoned. Meanwhile, however, all his furniture, family pictures, plate, and books had been seized by the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital. These gentlemen are lords of the manor of Threepwood, or whatever the manor may be named, and as such had a right to the convict's goods. Mr. Bewicke, on his release, would have brought an action against these lords of the manor for the recovery of his property, but learned that, as he was a felon when the goods were seized, he could bring no action. This was, then, the case of Mr. Bewicke, which Mr. Berkeley brought before the House, ending with a motion that Mr. Bewicke be compensated for his losses. Well, Sir G. Grey opposed the motion, but agreed to refer the matter to a Select Committee; and no doubt this amendment, seeing that Mr. Gathorne Hardy and Mr. Malins, both Conservatives, sanctioned it, would have been at once adopted. But just then Mr. Disraeli, as Marplot in the play, rose. He, whilst sitting there, carefully watching the debate, had caught the sound of cheers from both sides of the house as Mr. Berkeley was stating the case. "Oh! oh!" thought he, "there is a chance of beating the Government, is there? Then, of course, I must march my forces to the help of the Opposition." And here let us remark that the great fault of the Conservative chief is, and has ever been, a want of discretion. If he had been discreet he would never have meddled with this paltry question, and would certainly not have stepped into the arena as a combatant. But Disraeli is not discreet, and on this occasion he acted with more than usual indiscretion. Excited by the cheers with which his party behind him greeted the statement of Mr. Berkeley, he thought he saw a chance of snatching a victory from his foes; and, "wildered with meteor fires," he incontinently rushed into the fray. "A Committee! What is the use of referring this subject; do we not know all the facts? I advise the hon. gentleman (Mr. Berkeley) to refuse the offer." Loud cheers followed this unexpected appearance of the Conservative chief upon the scene, and the House at once proceeded to a division.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Yes; the House proceeded to a division, and the Government was beaten by a majority of two. "What, then," we think we hear some of our readers say, "Disraeli did get a victory after all?" Yes, thus far he did; but the end had not come yet, and if our readers will give us their attention we will show how this victory proved to be no victory, but only a preparatory step to a defeat. The original question put by Mr. Speaker was, that "I do now leave the chair" (that the House might resolve itself into a Committee of Supply). To this Mr. Berkeley moved as an amendment "That all the words after 'that' be left out, in order to insert the words" of the resolution about compensation to Bewicke, which we need not give at length. The House went to a division, and decided that the words be left out. This, and no more, our readers will please to understand. The next question put was, That the words be here inserted—that is, Mr. Berkeley's amendment; but here Sir George Grey arose and moved another amendment—an amendment upon an amendment—to this effect, That instead of Mr. Berkeley's words being inserted these words should be substituted, "That a Select Committee be appointed, &c." And now the issue was fairly before the House. It had cleared the way for the insertion of something; and now the question was, which will you do? Will you resolve at once that Bewicke shall be compensated? or that a Committee shall be appointed to inquire and report? Mr. Berkeley, seeing defeat looming before him, declared that the conduct of the Government was "indecent and unparliamentary;" Mr. Horsman, asserted that such conduct was "unprecedented;" Mr. Disraeli angrily declared that it was merely an attempt to rescind the vote first given. But this was all nonsense, the mere raving of faction. The course

which Sir George Grey took was neither indecent, unparliamentary, nor unprecedented; neither was it an attempt to rescind the vote. "You have," said Sir George, "left out certain words; now, what will you put in, Berkeley's resolution or mine?" The House went to a division, and decided, by a majority of forty-eight, that the question should be referred to a Select Committee; and thus the tables were turned.

A QUESTION OF ORDER.

This skirmish over, a question arose. The House had decided that the words "Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair" should be left out, and instead thereof had inserted other words. "Can, then, the House go on debating the original question?" Logically, it seemed to some it could not. The said question had been negatived, obliterated, and was not before the House. But Mr. Speaker, on being appealed to, decided against this view. Generally, when a question is negatived by the House, it is dead, utterly extinct, and cannot be talked about any more on that night; but it appears that this question "That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair" (that the House may go into Supply) does not die under the blow of a negative, but simply slumbers for the moment, and can be revived again. So says Mr. May, a great authority, and old Use-and-Wont, a greater. The logic of this revival seems to be this—at six o'clock, say, motion is made that Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair. The House negatived the motion, but as the House could only decide that the Speaker should not then leave the chair, it is competent for any member to renew the motion. "You refused to allow the Speaker to leave the chair at six o'clock, but, perhaps, you will not refuse now, at half-past six o'clock?" And so we again went on talking about this question, and moving other amendments, as if nothing had happened.

AN ACCIDENT.

Our readers will remember that the question before the House was "That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair"—question once thought to be dead, but revived, as we have just seen. And all this while honourable members were bringing on and discussing motions, or amendments to the original motion, setting forth "grievances" and demanding redress, as constitutional custom of very ancient date allows. "You see, Government wants the Speaker to leave the chair, that the House may resolve itself into Committee of Supply, to grant you money. Very well; but before we grant you money there are certain grievances to which we call your attention." This is the old formula, and a very good formula it is, albeit it is sometimes stretched too far. On this occasion there were several grievances on the paper. Mr. Bewicke's grievance we had already settled. Then came Mr. Danby Seymour's grievance about chimney-sweeps; and, that being shunted out of the way, we got to consider the sorrows of some ill-used colonial Governors, who complain that they can get no pensions. The champion of these sufferers was Mr. Baillie Cochrane. A fatal man is Mr. Baillie Cochrane. No man can copy the House more quickly than he can; and he has probably been honoured with more count-outs than any member living. After him came Mr. Dillwyn, who has some grievance about patents; and under the soporific eloquence of this dreary Welsh gentleman the House nearly fainted away. Seventeen members only at one time were present, and most of them seemed to be asleep. A count was tried when Mr. Dillwyn was speaking, but Government wanted to get on some public business, and had kept a reserve in hand to rush up and save the House if anyone should try to count it out; and so the count was defeated, and Mr. Dillwyn was allowed to go on to the end of his dreary speech. It was when Mr. Dillwyn finished that the accident alluded to happened.

SIR HARRY VERNEY OBLIVIOUS.

At the end of the list of members who had notices of motions on going into Supply stood the name of Sir Harry Verney, and just before his name that of Mr. Black. Sir Harry's motion related to Denmark, and, being very anxious to bring it before the notice of the House, got up a debate thereon, and draw something out of the Government, he took his place early in the evening, and kept watch and ward there, fixed like a sentinel, through six dreary hours, lest he should let his opportunity slip. But, alas! he did let it slip at last. Slip from under his very eyes; and only woke up to the fact that it was gone when it had irretrievably passed away. Mr. Dillwyn's business had ended, and Sir Harry ought then promptly to have risen; but Sir Harry for the moment was oblivious—had let his wits go a woolgathering. He expected that Mr. Black would be called, and, failing his appearance, Sir Harry imagined that he should hear his own name. Strange that so old and experienced a member should so blunder. Mr. Speaker never on such occasions calls upon members until he sees them on their legs. And so it happened that whilst Sir Harry was thus oblivious—reading his papers and thinking over his speech, it may be—Mr. Speaker rose and put the question in due form, "That I do now leave the chair," and, as no one objected, he sidled out. Sir Harry caught a glimpse of him as he was leaving, and, suddenly waking up, attempted to arrest his flight, but in vain. "The honourable member is too late," said Mr. Speaker; and, stepping on to the floor, marched out of the house. Our readers can imagine the distress and mortification of Sir Harry as he saw Mr. Speaker vanish. "Why, he has left the chair!" exclaimed Sir Harry, looking round to Mr. Bernal Osborne, who sat behind, and it seems, was also interested in the Danish question. "Left the chair!" replied Mr. O.; why, he did not put the question! And then we had a small flare up, which it is impossible to describe. Sir Harry was angry, as well he might be. Bernal Osborne was explosive and offensive, as he often is. Meanwhile Mr. Speaker was gone past recall, and Mr. Hutt, as the *locum tenens* of Mr. Massey, was at the table. After some squabbling, Mr. Hutt (the House having only gone into Committee *pro forma*) retired, Mr. Speaker came back, and the House resumed, and then Sir Harry formally brought forward his grievances, but he could not make out a case, not even with the aid of his explosive friend and Mr. Dillwyn and Mr. Ayrton. These gentlemen had not heard the question put; but what of that? Many others had; and, further, Mr. Speaker declared that he had put it—put it in due form, and with no undue haste; and this, of course, settled the question, and Sir Harry and his explosive friend had to bottle up their anger and swallow their disappointment as well as they could.

LORD HINCHINBROOK, eldest son of the Earl of Sandwich, is to be married to Lady Mary Stanhope.

SENTENCE OF DEATH.—The bill brought into the House of Lords by Lord Ellenborough on the above subject begins with enacting that no sentence of death shall be carried into execution "without the authority of one of the Secretaries of State." Whenever a person is sentenced to death, the judge before whom such person is tried is forthwith to "make a report thereof" to the Secretary of State, and that functionary is to summon the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Recorder (if the sentence is passed in London), and "all such members of the Privy Council as are at the time intrusted specially with the duty of advising her Majesty" (five to be a quorum), to meet to consider all the circumstances of the trial; and all the information and representations the Secretary of State may have received relative thereto, and their advice as to the carrying the sentence into execution, is to be laid before her Majesty, and her Majesty's pleasure taken thereupon. If her Majesty signify her intention to be present, the great officers of State are to be summoned, as was the custom when the Sovereign presided at the consideration of the reports made by the Recorder of London. After these proceedings, the requisite order is to be given by the Secretary of State for the law taking its course, or for the commutation of the sentence. The bill extends only to England. It is not to affect the Royal prerogative of mercy.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—A morning contemporary states:—"We are informed that the steamer Great Eastern has been sold to the French for a sum approaching a quarter of a million sterling. This, however, will not interfere with her present engagements, which include the submergence of the Atlantic cable. The Great Eastern was purchased at Liverpool at auction about three months ago for a sum of £25,000; but, as the mortgage debentures had been previously bought up, the total cost was probably £70,000 or £80,000. There is, however, a very handsome profit on the present transaction. At the time of the excitement in connection with the Trent affair this vessel took out a very large number of English troops to Canada at a single trip; and, in view of her great capabilities for this and similar services, her present transfer altogether from English hands is regarded with regret in some quarters. It is rumoured that the purchase has been made on account of the French Government."

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, APRIL 29.

HOUSE OF LORDS.
THE MERSEY RAMS.

The Earl of DERBY called attention to the seizure of the steam-rams in the Mersey, and moved for papers relating thereto. The conduct of the Government in the matter had, he said, been distinguished by arbitrariness, vexatiousness, and even illegality. He went through the circumstances attending the seizure, and strongly condemned the whole proceeding, contending that the fact that Mr. Laird was a Conservative and had beaten a supporter of the Government at Birkenhead had much to do with it.

Earl RUSSELL complained of the question being brought forward in the House, when within a month it would come before a judicial tribunal. The Government had nothing to do with the politics of the Messrs. Laird, but those gentlemen had no right to go to war with any Power in friendly relations with her Majesty. Messrs. Laird had done everything in their power to commit this country to hostilities with the United States. The one thing for which he was disposed to reproach himself was that he had allowed the rams to be proceeded with before seizing them, for he was convinced they were for the Confederate States. It was our duty to maintain neutrality.

After some observations from Lord Chelmsford and the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Derby withdrew his motion for papers.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CASE OF MR. BEWICK.

Mr. H. BERKELEY brought forward the case of Mr. Bewicke, of Threepwood Hall, and moved that the House would on Monday resolve itself into a Committee to consider what compensation should be awarded to Mr. Bewicke.

Sir G. GREY opposed the motion. The case was no doubt one to excite sympathy, but to take the course proposed would be to lay down a principle of far wider application than this individual case. He had no objection to a Select Committee of inquiry into the injury sustained by Mr. Bewicke by the sale of his goods.

An animated debate followed. On the division on the formal motion as to whether the amendment of Mr. Berkeley should be put, the numbers were—for putting the amendment, 120; against it, 118. The amendment was then put as a substantive motion, when Sir G. Grey moved as an amendment that the petition of Mr. Bewicke be referred to a Select Committee. Mr. Disraeli strongly denounced this course, and a smart discussion ensued; after which, on a division, Sir G. Grey's amendment was carried by 145 votes to 100.

CLIMBING BOYS.

Mr. D. SEYMOUR then called attention to the systematic violations of the Act prohibiting the employment of children in sweeping chimneys. He sketched the legislation on the subject, and then adduced evidence of the extent to which the law was broken. He asked the Government if they intended to introduce a bill on the subject?

Sir G. GREY said the attention of the Government had been called to the matter. A bill would shortly be introduced by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

THE PATENT OFFICE AND MUSEUM.

Mr. DILLWYN then called attention to the condition of the Patent Office and the Patent Museum. He contended that great alterations were required in these departments, and urged that they should be concentrated in one building.

After some discussion the matter dropped.

MONDAY, MAY 2.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords sat for a few minutes only. No business of any public importance was transacted beyond the passing of the High Court of Bombay Bill through Committee.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE CHANNEL FLEET.

Sir J. PAKINGTON inquired whether it was true that the Channel Fleet had been moved from Portsmouth to the Downs.

Lord C. PAGET replied (and the answer evoked a loud and general cheer) that the Channel Squadron was in the Downs. The stores were very nearly completed, and the ships were perfectly ready to proceed to any part of the world in twenty-four hours. (Another burst of cheering followed this announcement.)

UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE.

Sir G. GREY, in reply to Mr. Walpole, said it was intended to bring in a bill to amend the Act of 1858 as to Under-Secretaries of State in the House of Commons.

INLAND REVENUE BILL.

On the consideration of the Inland Revenue Bill as amended, Mr. MALINS moved an amendment the effect of which would be to exempt life assurance policies passing under settlement from the duty proposed to be levied upon them by the bill. After some discussion the amendment was rejected by 161 to 124.

On the question that the schedule be agreed to, Mr. J. B. SMITH moved that the duties on sugar be continued in force for one year only, which, after some discussion, was negatived by 97 to 14.

TUESDAY, MAY 3.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords met for a few minutes only, and no business of any public interest was transacted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE AUSTRIAN FLOTILLA AND THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

Sir G. GREY, in reply to Mr. D. Griffith, said that some Austrian ships of war were in the Downs and others were on their way to join them. The Austrian Government had given the most distinct assurance to her Majesty's Government that for the present the only orders given to the commander of the squadron was to cruise in the North Sea, to protect German commerce, and to prevent the blockade of the Elbe and the Weser. The Channel Fleet was in the Downs, and the Admiral was fully informed of the movements of the Austrian squadron. He (Sir G. Grey) declined to say what orders had been given to the Channel Fleet in the event of additional orders of a different character being given to the Austrian squadron.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Mr. EWART moved the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the expediency of maintaining the punishment of death, a proposal which he supported by the argument that, as the great object of all punishment was to deter from crime, that end could never be realised whilst the law remained in its present state and so much uncertainty attended the execution of the sentence.

Lord H. LENNIX proposed as an amendment that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire into the operation of the law relating to capital punishments, and pointed to the cases of Jessie McLaughlin, Samuel Wright, and William Hall, as showing that whilst the first of them—one of the most flagrant of criminals—had escaped the extreme punishment of her offence, the second had been executed for having taken the life of a woman in a drunken quarrel, and the third had been very properly respited.

Sir G. GREY objected to both motion and amendment on the ground that the question was not one that constituted a fit subject for reference to a Committee. The right hon. Baronet, in the course of his speech, intimated that he should have no objection to the appointment of a Commission to consider the whole subject; and, after a long debate, Mr. Ewart having intimated his acceptance of the proposal of the Government, the motion and amendment were both withdrawn; and, on the motion of Mr. Neate, a resolution was agreed to, to the effect that an address be presented to her Majesty praying her to issue a Royal Commission to inquire into the provisions and operation of the laws under which the punishment of death is now inflicted in the United Kingdom and the manner in which it is inflicted, and to report whether it is desirable to make any alteration therein.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE AUSTRIAN FLEET.

Mr. D. GRIFFITH gave notice that, on the motion for the adjournment of the House on Friday week for the Whit Sunday holidays, he should call attention to the permission which had been given to the Austrian squadron to leave these shores and take up a position favourable to the further prosecution of the war against Denmark without any practical check or supervision by means of the presence of a British naval force.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The Weights and Measures (Metric System) Bill went into Committee, and on the second clause

Mr. M. GIBSON suggested that, as there was at present no knowledge of what the standard of weights and measures was, it would be well to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into and settle that before proceeding further with the bill.

Subsequently, after discussion, Mr. GIBSON proposed the introduction of a clause legalising contracts made under the metric system; and finally it was agreed that the right hon. gentleman should take charge of the bill in its future stages. Further progress was therefore postponed.

THURSDAY, MAY 4.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BRAZIL.

In reply to Mr. Macaulay, Mr. LAYARD said that her Majesty's Government were willing to accept the mediation of Portugal; but that, as no diplomatic relations existed at present with Brazil, it was impossible to open any negotiation for the settlement of the claims of British subjects in Brazil.

THE CHANNEL FLEET.

Colonel FRENCH asked her Majesty's Government whether there was any truth in the report that the Aurora frigate had been sent to the Baltic? Sir G. GREY, in the absence of the Secretary of the Admiralty, replied that there was no foundation for the report.

THE CONFERENCE.

Sir G. GREY, in reply to a question from Mr. Disraeli, said that the Conference had been adjourned from Wednesday until Monday next. As the proceedings were private, he could not state the reasons which induced the members to adjourn.

POLAND.

Mr. HENNESSY, in the absence of Lord Palmerston, again postponed his motion with respect to Poland until the next Supply night.

SUPPLY.

The House then went into a Committee of Supply, and the remainder of the night was occupied with the consideration of the Army Estimates.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

CLIMBING BOYS.

A QUARTER of a century ago naughty infants were commonly quieted by the phrase "The sweep's coming." Traditions then told that children who had wandered beyond the ken of their parents had been seized by sweeps and condemned to the hard and dismal labour of chimney-sweeping during all the years of infancy. A scion of the noble house of Montague had been, as it was currently related and believed, only accidentally recovered from the clutches of the terrible sweep. So lately as the period of the first publication of "Oliver Twist" Mr. Charles Dickens portrayed the sweep as a tormenting fiend incarnate. "Boys is very obstinate and very lazy, gentlemen, and there's nothink like a good hot blaze to make 'em come down with a run. It's humane too, gentlemen, acause, even if they've stuck in the chimbley, roastin' their feet makes 'em struggle to hextricate theirselves." So says Mr. Gamfield, to whom poor Oliver happily escapes being bound 'prentice by the parochials.

But we had imagined all this sort of thing at an end, like the old watchmen, roll-collars, scurrilous journals, hackney-coaches, and tinder-boxes. By Act of Parliament the climbing-boys were suppressed. It now appears from a recent Parliamentary report that the old trade of Mr. Gamfield still exists in full vigour. Although not openly carried on, as formerly, it exists, in all its cruelty, rather aggravated than diminished by its statutory repression. The sweeps have no need now to steal children. They buy them, on occasion, at sums varying from £5 downwards, from parents. Infants can even, in some districts, be obtained for nothing. Worst of all, little girls are employed to climb and sweep chimneys. They "come back from their work with their arms and knees streaming with blood and the knees looking as if the caps had been pulled off." They are subject to a fearful disease called "sweeps' cancer." Nature, with her usual mercy, provides an early death as the only relief from hopeless infantile misery.

It would be wickedness to argue that this diabolical system is a necessity imposed by such an accident of civilisation as modern architecture. The truth is, that not only is there no need of climbing children, but there is no need of sweeps. What the householder requires is the removal of soot. How does the washerwoman clear the narrow copper-flue, into which it is impossible for the smallest child to enter? Simply by means of a pinch of gunpowder, the explosion of which shakes down the soot. In rural farmhouses the chimneys are cleared almost instantaneously by the discharge of a gun or pistol. "There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces," says Mrs. Ford, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." The custom is ancient; but Paterfamilias, firing a blank cartridge up his chimney to clear it of soot, would undoubtedly be set down as "eccentric" by his neighbours, who would send a policeman to his door to ask whether he had committed suicide, or murder, or justifiable homicide on the body of a burglar. And Paterfamilias, as a true Briton, would rather connive at the slow torturing out of life of a hundred miserable little children, so long as nobody said anything about it, than be set down as "eccentric." Besides, unless the professional assistance of a sweep were obtained to cover up the grate and preserve the chamber from the sooty cascade, Paterfamilias would give Mr. P. a piece of her mind sufficient to render his home wretched for weeks. The sweep, too, would either refuse to fall in with his project or grin at him. And Paterfamilias can only imagine being grinned at by a sweep. The reality would be madness.

So, early in the morning, Mr. Gamfield calls with a sweeping-machine on his shoulder and a child at his side. Paterfamilias is a-bed. The kitchen-door is locked, the blinds are drawn down, and the chimney is swept: how, no witness knows. The same process occurs, upon occasion, in every room in the house. The old saying, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no stories," is inverted. It stands as "Tell me no stories and I'll ask you no questions." The wretched children accompanying the master sweep on such occasions are still compelled to climb the dismal flue, are still submitted to the torture and the misery of their vocation as of old; and are still roasted or stifled into convulsive struggling when tightly wedged into narrow angles of the brickwork.

It is not they who make known this state of things as still existent. The masters themselves are not so utterly destitute of compunction as to wish that the system may last. It is

upon their evidence mainly that atrocities almost too terrible for contemplation have been revealed before Parliament and published in a bluebook. A committee has been appointed to consider in what manner the evils may be best remedied. There can be no remedy until it be made penal for a sweep to conceal his operations as at present, or to refuse to perform his duties in the presence of a police-constable if required so to do.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES held a Drawingroom on behalf of her Majesty on Tuesday, at St. James's Palace. The presentations on the occasion were numerous, and occupied a considerable portion of the afternoon. A large concourse of people assembled at Marlborough House, and cheered her Royal Highness as she left for the Palace.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, the eldest son of the Emperor of Russia, is shortly to pay a visit to the Court of Copenhagen, in reference, it is said, to a projected marriage with Princess Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES are to visit Cambridge on the 2nd of June, and to remain till the 4th. Great preparations for the event are being made.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA are expected to pay a visit to Kissingen in the middle of next month, and to spend about a fortnight there. The Emperor and Empress of Austria are likewise looked for in the same place, and it is believed that the Sovereigns will have a meeting there.

GENERAL GARIBALDI has arrived at Gibraltar and proceeded to Capraera. The Undine reached Gibraltar on Tuesday, with all on board well. She was to leave again the same night.

MR. FRANK SMEDLEY, the well-known author, died on Sunday afternoon last. Mr. Smedley's principal works were "Frank Fairleigh," "Lewis Arundel," and "Harry Coverdale's Courtship."

THE ROMAN CONGREGATION OF THE INDEX has condemned twelve works, among which are "The Life of Jesus," by M. Peyrat, and the defence of the Lyons Liturgy.

THE HALIFAX TESTIMONIAL TO MR. STANSFELD is to be a silver candelabrum, of sixteen branches, with an elaborately-wrought pillar, and surmounted by a vase. The cost will be about £250, of which nearly £200 has been subscribed.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has demanded from the Italian Government, through the medium of a neutral Power, the liberation of Cardinal Moriconi, who was arrested the other day at Ancona for practices alleged to be of a treasonable nature.

THE PEARL FISHERY OF CEYLON has been ruined this year by an irruption of the skate fish, which has killed the oysters.

THE IRISH MASTER OF THE ROLLS has decided that the King and Queen's College of Physicians, in Ireland, cannot grant "the degree or title" of M.D.

THE COMMISSIONERS appointed to decide on the designs for the proposed galleries at South Kensington have awarded the first prize of £400 to Captain Fowke; the second, of £250, to Professor Kerr; and the third, of £150, to Mr. Borthwick.

A BANQUET OF THE PROGRESSIST PARTY in Madrid, which was looked forward to with some anxiety, has passed off without any disturbance.

THE NEW GREEK MINISTRY has been formed. M. Balbi is its President and Minister of Finance. The younger Canaris is its Minister of Marine.

THE COURT OF INQUIRY into the loss of the City of New York has decreed the suspension of Captain Kennedy's certificate for eight months. Notice of appeal has been given.

PAYMASTER SMALES has surrendered as a bankrupt upon his own petition. He has eight children.

A BOURBON CONSPIRACY has been detected at Naples. No less than twenty different alphabets in cipher have been found.

SIR THOMAS J. FITZGERALD committed suicide on the 29th ult. by throwing himself into the river Suir, near his own residence, Golden Hills, Tipperary. Pecuniary embarrassments are believed to be the cause of the rash act.

AN EXPLOSION OF SULPHUR took place at the White Pit, Brownhills Colliery, near Birmingham, on Monday morning, by which two men were killed and eight others seriously injured.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS towards the restoration of Salisbury Cathedral amount up to the present time to upwards of £10,000. The estimated cost of the proposed works is £40,000.

A BRIDGE is to be built over Niagara River at Buffalo, to connect the United States with Canada, at a cost of 1,000,000 dollars. Over 300,000 dollars have been subscribed towards it.

SALMON IS SO PLENTIFUL IN THE NORTH DEVON RIVERS that it is considered that it will soon be sold for 6d. or 8d. per lb. in that part of the country.

THE SHOCK OF AN EARTHQUAKE was felt in various parts of Sussex shortly before midnight on Saturday last.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER GEORGIA has arrived in the Mersey to be sold, her sailing qualities not having given satisfaction. Her crew, it is said, are to be retained in readiness for the Alexandria.

ANOTHER DIVIDEND UNDER THE BANKRUPTCY OF STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES is promised at no distant date, the Bankruptcy Court officials having at present in hand between £15,000 and £16,000.

ABOUT 20,000 LAMBS, it is estimated, will be exported from the Isle of Wight this season. It is curious that though the island is called "The Garden of England" large quantities of vegetables are imported into it from the mainland.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, 29, Great George-street, Westminster, will from the present time be open to the public at ten o'clock instead of twelve on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The trustees have also given authority for the gallery to be open on Whit Monday and Tuesday.

SEVERAL MILLS in the neighbourhood of Preston have resumed work, after having been closed for eighteen months. The event was hailed with the liveliest demonstrations of delight by the operatives.

THE DOUBLE-ENDER FEDERAL STEAM-SHIP CHENANGO recently started on a trial-trip from New York, in the course of which her boiler exploded, killing eight men and seriously scalding a number of others.

THE ROYAL CHATEAU OF STOLZENFELS has been broken into. The thieves carried off the sword presented to the Emperor Napoleon I. by the city of Paris on the occasion of the birth of the King of Rome. A sabre which formerly belonged to Murat, King of Naples, was also stolen. The hilts and scabbards of the two weapons were of pure gold, and richly ornamented with precious stones.

A PROJECT is on foot for presenting a small steam-yacht to Garibaldi by the inhabitants of Liverpool. The vessel has been offered for £1800, £250 of which has already been subscribed by the working classes, and no doubt is entertained that the remainder will easily be obtained.

THE MAIL-STEAMERS coming from San Francisco now carry a guard of twenty men placed on board by the Government, and the baggage of all passengers is examined to prevent their carrying firearms. The object is to avoid a repetition of the Chesapeake affair.

THE BISHOP OF EXETER has within the past few days executed a deed of gift of his valuable and extensive ecclesiastical library to the county of Cornwall, the only condition being that a suitable building be erected for its reception at Truro within three years from the period of his death. It is intended forthwith to provide the necessary accommodation.

THE CONTRACT FOR THE ERECTION OF THE NEW BRIDGE AT BLACKFRIARS has been given to Messrs. Thorne Brothers, of Westminster, whose estimate for the completion of the structure is £159,000. It is expected that the traffic over the present bridge will be stopped at an early date, when its demolition will at once begin. The temporary bridge and its approaches will be lit with about seventy gaslights.

AN INQUEST ON A WOMAN who died of fever disclosed a sad state of overcrowding and deficient ventilation in a place called Midway-avenue, near Midway Park, Islington. The sanitary inspector described the condition of the houses as necessarily leading to disease, and the jury, in their verdict, severely censured the negligence of the landlord.

THE MOST STRENUOUS EXERCISES are being made at Portsmouth, by Admiralty order, to bring forward and complete the cupola ship Royal Sovereign. A body of dockyard artificers are engaged extra hours on board in order to get her ready for sea immediately. On Tuesday morning four 12-ton guns arrived at the dockyard to be placed in the cupolas.

ANTOINE LAUBER, the father of a family, living in a small town in the canton of Lucerne, had his house invaded, on the 21st of April, by an armed force, and his five children taken away by order of the authorities. The father's crime consisted in not having his last child baptised by the ecclesiastical authorities of the place.

CAPTAIN SPEKE, the African explorer, has had an interview with the Emperor of the French, who expressed himself willing to assist the views which Captain Speke entertains relative to the development of the resources of Equatorial Africa. "If England begins as you propose, France will begin on the other side, and we will make the two ends meet."

THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY gave a sumptuous banquet on Saturday afternoon to the Ministers and other distinguished guests, on the eve of the opening of the annual exhibition, in the rooms, Trafalgar-square. The President of the Royal Academy (Sir Charles Eastlake) occupied the chair.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS for the month of March, and the first quarter of the present year, show an enormous increase in the value of British exports. For March the increase is about three and a quarter millions over the corresponding month of 1863, and for the quarter it is four millions above 1862 and nine millions above 1861. The quarter's exports for 1864 amount to £36,600,000.

A VOTE OF A PENSION of 200,000*fr.* a year to Duke Charles Louis of Parma has been proposed by the Italian Government and approved of by the Chamber of Deputies. The motives for the grant are that Charles Louis de Bourbon is a relative of Victor Emmanuel II., and that the allied Powers have demanded that the pension, abolished by the Dictator Farini, should be re-established.

DURING AN EXAMINATION at a school in Prussia, the clergyman asked, "Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?" Up jumped a boy, and with an eager countenance, as though he felt he knew it, answered, "Because they could not pay their rent." On inquiry, it proved that his father and mother had been repeatedly turned out for the same cause, and that the like catastrophe was then impending afresh. Pity was awakened; the case was investigated, a small collection was made, and relief afforded.

EEL-SCHUITS IN FRIESLAND.

AMONG the many tiers of shipping that crowd the Pool or Port of London there is a space devoted exclusively to the accommodation of Dutch eel-schuits. It is situated near Billingsgate market and opposite the Custom House; and it rarely happens that half a dozen bluff-bowed Dutchmen may not be found moored there.

Eels are an important article of food, and are consumed largely by both the rich and poor in London, and by both classes they are esteemed a luxury—the rich eating the large, delicate, silver eels of the Thames and its tributaries; while innumerable pie-shops and vendors of stewed eels in the poor neighbourhoods supply the working classes with the small and less delicate-flavoured Dutch eels.

The Dutch eel-schuits are large, powerful vessels, about 60 ft. long and 15 ft. broad. They are sloop-rigged, and have all the peculiar characteristics of Dutch vessels generally—that is, they are smart in appearance, exquisitely clean, and complete in all their equipments; their sides are brightly varnished; and little patches of gay colour, green or red, are distributed about in all available situations, such as the rudder-head, the tiller, the "bits" of the windlass, the cabin-top, the masthead, &c. The Dutch national flag waves from an iron staff fixed to the rudder, and a broad, handsome vane floats from the masthead.

These vessels are constructed to carry eels alive from the inland waters of Friesland, where they are taken, to Billingsgate market, and, moreover, to keep them alive while they lie in the Pool of London, as they discharge their cargoes in quantities to suit the demands of the market. To keep them alive during the voyage across the North Sea and while the schuit is lying at its moorings, it is necessary that the eels should be constantly supplied with fresh water. The eel-schuit has, therefore, to be constructed with a large well-bottom—that is, one division of the vessel is securely shut off from the rest by water-tight bulkheads, and round the lower part of the side of the vessel which forms the well are metal plates, bored full of holes, instead of planks as in the ordinary manner. Through these holes the water passes in and out of the vessel as she rolls at sea or lies at anchor in the tideway.

Friesland, where the eels are chiefly collected for the London market, although a part of Holland, differs much in its characteristic features from South Holland. In the latter district the water communications are in nearly all cases raised artificial canals, generally several feet above the level of the surrounding lands. These canals are the high roads between the different towns, and the outlet of the waters which are pumped up from the low levels by innumerable windmills and scoop-wheels. In Friesland the water communications are nearly all natural, and stand at a natural level. In some places they expand into broad lakes, and at others they are mere ditches or narrow canals full of rushes; but, being natural levels, water communication exists nearly everywhere, from the doors of the farmhouses to the market-places in the principal cities. Every farmer has his boat, and the produce of the dairy goes weekly to market in the little schuit, sailed safely and skilfully by some members of the female part of the farmer's household. It is in the innumerable streams and watercourses of this part of Holland that the eels are taken which find their way to the London market. Our illustration represents a group of eel-schuits as they lie among the rich pastures and oozy rivers of Friesland, shipping their slimy cargo.

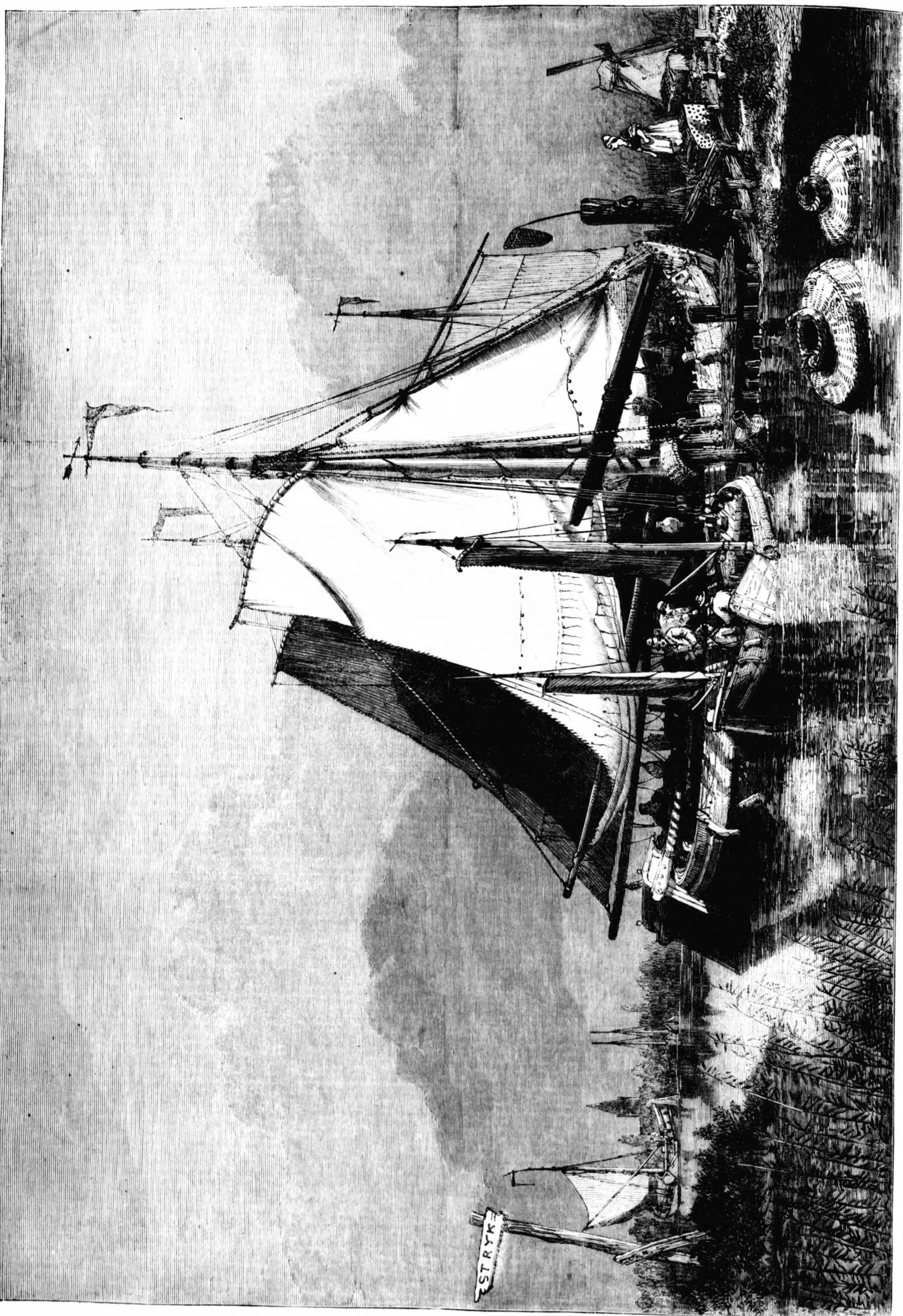
THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

THE passenger up or down the Thames will notice the gradual accumulation of great beams of timber and enormous piles driven into the river-bed, especially between the bridges of Waterloo and Westminster; but, although these piles seem to mark the outline of some extensive operations about to be commenced along the shore, they afford no clue to the real work for which they are the preparation. It may be learned, on inquiry, that these are the first indications of the proposed Thames Embankment; and our illustration will suffice to show our readers what will be included in that great work when it is completed, since the drawing from which the Engraving was taken faithfully represents that portion of the river-side lying between Waterloo and Westminster as it will appear when the beams, and piles, and great cranes and girders are superseded by the structure which will be reared on the solid caissons now in progress. The present part of the work is, in fact, preparatory to the completion of the cofferdams, which will itself precede the excavations necessary to secure a solid foundation, which must necessarily be laid very deep in order to be sufficiently permanent.

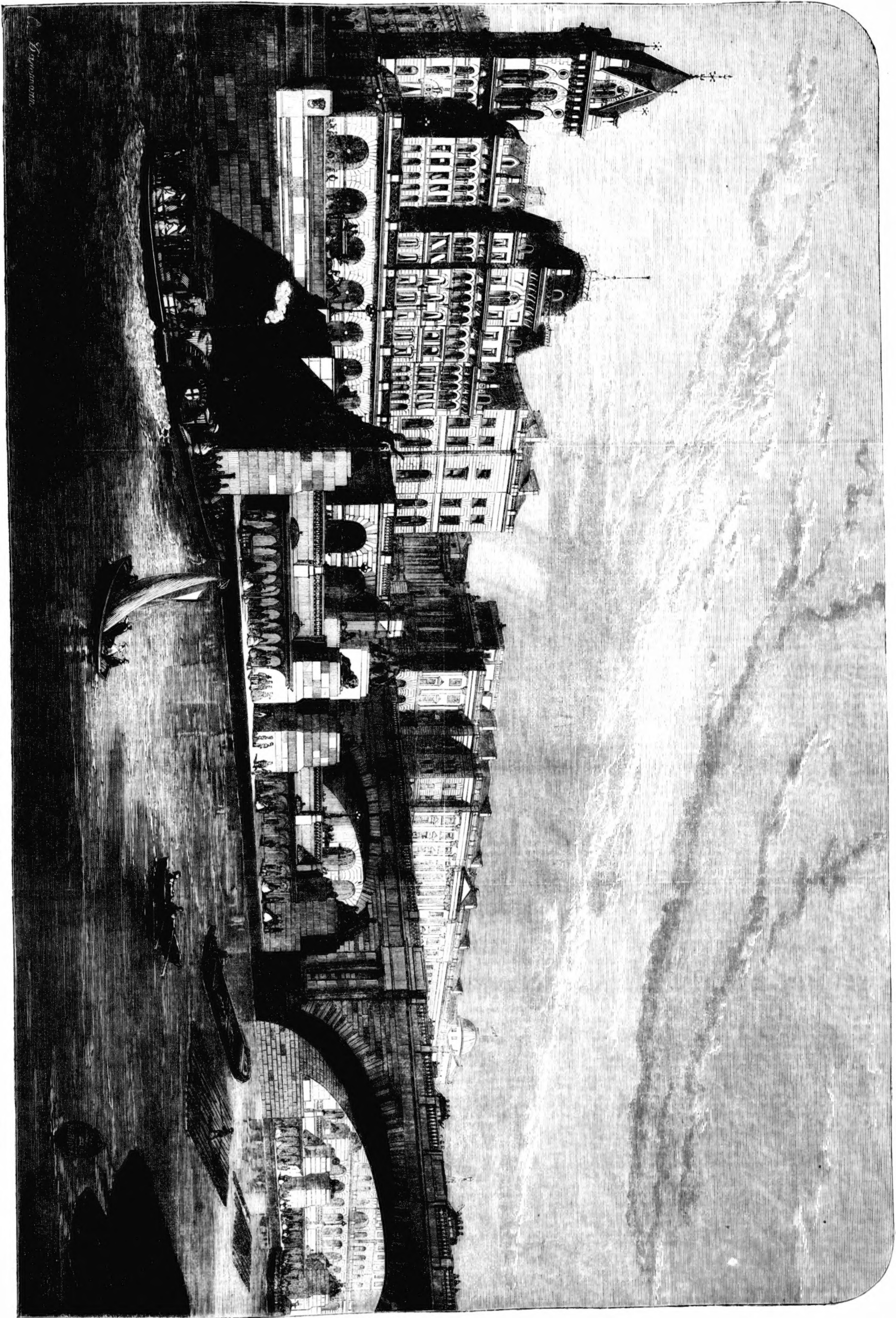
The caissons, which each measure 12 ft. by 7 ft., form cofferdams of iron, which will, it is believed, be far superior to those made of timber. At that portion of the works represented in our Engraving a handsome steam-boat landing-stage will form a principal feature, and the general effect of the whole space may be assumed from the fine groups of statuary and the effective architectural arrangements both as regards the esplanade and the adjacent buildings.

It is intended that beside the open roadway and the approaches to the river, two distinct subterranean works will be included, one to contain gas and water pipes and telegraph wires, the repairs of which will not then necessitate the breaking up of the road, and beneath this a great sewer forming part of the recently projected system of low-level drainage. The foundations for both these important works will be laid about 14 ft. beneath low-water mark, and will occupy the lower portion of a bed of gravel from 15 ft. to 25 ft. thick, the substratum of which is the London clay. The width of this portion of the embankment, varying according to the bend of the river, will be from 130 ft. to 450 ft., and its length some 7000 ft., since it will commence at the northern abutment of Westminster Bridge, and will be continued by a curve to the northern brick pier of Hungerford railway-bridge and thence to Waterloo, being carried on, in fact, from the present embankment fronting the Houses of Parliament to Waterloo, and ultimately to Blackfriars.

According to statements already published, the width of the embankment will be varied to an extent which is best indicated in the following manner:—At Richmond-terrace and in front of the Duke of Buccleuch's house and grounds (at one time so much talked of in connection with the opposition before the Parliamentary Committee to this enterprise) the embankment will be 200 ft. wide; at Hungerford Bridge the channel is broadened by a bend in the stream, and the embankment will be wide in proportion—namely, 400 ft.; at the end of Buckingham-street this breadth will become still greater—namely, 450 ft.; but from that part it diminishes until, at Salisbury-street end, it is reduced to 300 ft.; and at Waterloo Bridge to even about half the last-named width. The level of the embankment will be about 5 ft. above Trinity high-water mark, so that there will be a slight incline at Westminster Bridge from the road to the embankment level of 1 ft. in 80 ft. The great sewer beneath will commence at Westminster Bridge, at about the level of low water, and will be continued, with a fall of about 2 ft. per mile, past Blackfriars, along the river-side by Tower-hill, and onwards in the direction of Stratford, where it is intended to be pumped into the middle-level sewer.



DUTCH EEL SCHUITS IN FRIESLAND LOADING UP FOR BILLINGSGATE MARKET.—(DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY G. H. ANDERSON.)



THE PROPOSED THAMES EMBANKMENT: VIEW NEAR WATERLOO BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 296.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

LORD PALMERSTON is once again laid up by his old enemy the gout; but the foe has attacked, as usual, only his outworks, his hands and feet; it still spares the citadel. These oft-repeated attacks, more frequent now than ever, alarm his friends, as well they may, for the sturdiest oak falls at last, and the strongest constitution that man ever had is but the constitution of a mortal man. Eighty years old, or nearly, and subject to even more frequent assaults of grim podagra, we may well fear the result. Sir George Grey seems to take the leadership when his Lordship is away. Speaking of Lord Palmerston reminds me that I lately saw an old playmate of the Premier, a resident in the neighbourhood of Romsey. This old gentleman is a year older than Palmerston, and quite as strong. He was in the gallery of the House of Commons the other night—two nights in succession, I believe—and stopped there till past one o'clock in the morning. His name is Hall, and he lives on his estate, about three miles from Broadlands. He wears his beard, which is scarcely grey, and he is still vigorous both in mind and body. One would like to have a chat with this venerable old gentleman about old times, when he and our world-renowned Premier were boys together.

I have a strong suspicion, strong and hopeful, that the time-honoured gallows-tree is a doomed thing. How much longer it will flourish I can hardly venture to prophesy; but I think I may augur that in twenty years from this time it will be utterly extinct in the British Isles. Perhaps it will pass away long before that. Decayed trees, though they seem to be well rooted in the earth and flourish greenly enough, do, nevertheless, hold their existence by a very frail tenure, being liable to fall before the first gale of wind of more than common strength that assails them. It will not, however, alone be considerations of humanity that will abolish the gallows, but motives of policy. Other nations have proved that they can secure life and property without the gallows; and, though England, with all its freedom, is intensely conservative of its old institutions, I think I see signs of a desire, growing in intensity and spreading wider every day, to try whether we cannot do the same. The current of popular opinion long ago set in against this barbarous thing, and every year our Home Secretaries feel it increasingly difficult to get even the worst murderers hanged; whilst in cases in which there are what the French call "extenuating circumstances" these functionaries are so pestered by memorials and remonstrances, that they are well-nigh driven to their wits' end. Besides, be it remembered that every reprieve of a convicted murderer establishes a precedent and narrows the domain of the gallows. "You did not hang A, Sir George; well, B's case is very much like that of A, and A, having been reprieved, if you hang B it will be very much like murder." This is the logic with which the Home Secretary is constantly assailed; and, having once begun to pardon a class of murderers, he must in the end, I am firmly persuaded, abolish the gallows.

All this is apropos to the debate on Mr. William Ewart's motion for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the expediency of maintaining punishment by death. You know Mr. William Ewart. He is the apostle of the movement against death punishments. For more than thirty years, nearly forty, he has been hammering and sapping away at the gallows. But seven years ago, however, he desisted. Was he, then, tired of his work, or had he got out of heart and hopeless of results? Not he. But he thought it wise to lie by for a time, and watch the effect of his labours—see whether the seed which he had sown would grow and bear fruit. And I think this was really wise. But, be this as it may, the time had obviously come to begin again—to give the old gallows-tree another blow or two. The ancient, unchanged, and unchangeable Tories—not knowing that though they have not changed the times have—laughed when they saw the notice on the paper, and prophesied that Mr. Ewart would be certainly counted out. He was not, however, counted out; but, on the contrary, there was a capital House and a very good debate. Bright spoke, of course, and of course I was there to hear him. And what a noble speech he delivered! Friends and foes, Whigs, Radicals, and Tories were spell-bound; and all declared that it was one of the best speeches they had ever heard. And now to finish. I cannot but augur from this debate that the gallows-tree must go. The only argument in its favour left now seems to be this:—We must hang, because we know not what else to do with our murderers. This seems to be the last root which holds the gallows-tree to the earth. The Scripture root is gone; Ewart and Bright tore away the root of policy; and now nothing remains, if we may judge from the debate, but this—if you don't hang these criminals, what will you do with them?

A tremendous Shakespearean imposition stands threatened with another exposure. It is confidently asserted by a correspondent of the *Standard* that the house at Stratford was not Shakespeare's birthplace, but that the plot of ground, on which then stood two cottages, was purchased by his father when "the bard" was eleven years of age. About a dozen years since the same thesis was ably exemplified in *Bentley's Miscellany*, where, as I remember, it was asserted that, at the time of Garrick's jubilee, an enterprising barber—the proprietor of the present tenement—first put out the memorable board announcing that "The immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." He encountered the reproaches of his fellow-townsmen, but he gained his profit in adhering to the untruth in spite of an opposition which they soon found it their interest to discontinue. But, perhaps, the house may speak for itself. The so-called Shakespeare's house might have been built at any time from the days of Charles II. to a century and a half ago. I leave it to architectural antiquaries to decide upon the earliest possible date of its construction.

What can be the cause of that infatuation which exists for starting cheap comic journals? We are not naturally a funny nation, and yet there are always two or three efforts being made to add to the number of comic periodicals, if not for the public benefit, for the benefit, I presume, of their literary projectors. These are usually young fellows just feeling their strength, and possessed of that intuitive perception of humour which is almost essential to an author in most branches of literature. Many of them diverge, ultimately, into higher paths, and become eminent as journalists, novelists, or dramatic authors. When they continue in the same career their doom is misery. Most of our literary celebrities, except those whose vocation is dull solemnity, have begun their career as "smart writers" of the class at whom it is so easy to sneer. I could mention a score of names of men, now famous, who have at one time been connected with cheap comic periodicals. I do not care about the examples, so readily selected from any number of any professedly comic periodical, of utterly bad, pointless, and futile jokes, usually contained in one or two lines. These are mere printers' exigencies. At the last moment before going to press, something is wanted to fill up the end of a short column, and this is supplied upon the spot from the very dregs of a comic writer's brain. For real gasping, idiotic dullness, give me the column and a half of the constant contributor, paid by the length of his printed article.

Meyerbeer is gone, and without hearing a public performance of his last great work, "L'Africaine." It was but the other day he spoke of a singer, a lady, of whose voice and talents he entertained a high opinion, and his friend, another illustrious maestro, objected that the young soprano was too young. "She will be old enough in five years," said Meyerbeer, "and what are five years? They pass like five days."

Monsieur Edmond About, the celebrated author who is so fervent an admirer of English manners, habits, customs, and social observances, is about to be married, but not to a daughter of Albion. Will M. About married dare avow the same opinions as M. About single? Circumstances alter cases, and matrimony compels modifications. We shall see.

One of the MS. poems—alas! that it should be compelled to remain MS.—sent in to the Stratford Tercentenary Committee, began—"Come, let us now tercerenate." Ingenious, is it not? From tercentenary, tercerenate, tercerenating, tercerenated, tercerenating, tercerenated, tercerenating, tercerenated, and so on.

Have you heard of the young physician who adored one of his

patients, but dared not tell his love, because in the presence of his charmer his tongue refused its office? He wrote her a passionate declaration, and left it on the table, where the servant found it. He naturally enough thought it was a prescription, and took it to the chemist's, who the next day sent it back to the poor doctor, with an apology, that he "was out of the ingredients necessary to make up what was wanted."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

If you remember what I told you, a month ago, about the cover of *Our Mutual Friend*, and if, again, you have seen the first number, you know that the story really was hinted at in the woodcuts on the cover. We open with the Harmon murder, and the introduction to the reader of three groups of leading personages, of whom much will have to be said in the course of the narrative—the Gaffer group, the Veneering group, and the Wilfer group. The most living figure, at present, is Bella Wilfer. The general tone of the number is very quiet, and the opening of the game studied and cautious. For the first time in my life I have got through thirty-two pages of Dickens without a good, hearty laugh. Mr. Stone's drawings are good—the river sketch very good; but I am not reconciled yet to this new alliance, and can't help missing the old familiar hand. Well, we must wait.

Blackwood contains, among other things, two dashing songs, *suo more*—one about matrimony, the other about novel-making. The "O'Dowd Papers" are again very happy, and contain some nice bits about Garibaldi. "The Chronicles of Carlingford" are now resumed, and are welcome; but I must repeat, what I have already said, that the "fix" of the Curate has now been too long under the reader's nose; it grows tedious. The rest of the number is both good and pleasant. Of course, there is a paper about the position of the Ministry; but it is very moderate.

The *Cornhill*, again takes high rank—not a single paper which is not worth its place. "Denis Duval" has got into tracks in which Thackeray was so great (and how great he was in dealing with adolescents!) that we begin to feel, with bitterness, how much we shall have to say to him when we come to the end of this fragment. The other story, "Margaret Denzil," has here and there a hint that the author is hampered by magazine necessities; but it is, evidently, the work of a man of the rarest order—a man rare in his faculties, rare in his experience of life, and of the very rarest power of digesting experience—whatever may be thought of the formal generalisations with which he sums up now and then. I am sorry to have to tell the reader that Margaret is married. A bad job! Mr. Walker's drawings are wonderfully good; the two belonging to "Denis Duval" in the present number are quite refreshing to see. You will, of course, buy this number, for a reason to be mentioned in a moment; and I beg you to look at Mr. Noel Paton's "Blind Girl" (p. 617), and say whether she was born blind or not? On the evidence of the face I say not; but pray let's have your notion. A little paragraph, all to itself, gives the "reason" why you should buy this *Cornhill*, even if you never buy another. It contains a Garibaldi article—intimate, personal, authentic—which throws all the other Garibaldi "contributions" of the month into the shade. Perhaps space may be found in these columns next week for a short extract about "the month between the taking of Palermo and the battle of Melazzo;" but for the "invisible bridge" story my readers must go to the fountain head.

Macmillan, Fraser, and the Dublin University have all something about the "hero from over the Tyrrhene sea." *Fraser* is the best number that has appeared for a long time. Mr. Barnes, in *Macmillan*, contributes one of his capital Dorsetshire poems; and Mr. Goldwin Smith (we all know the side he takes) discusses the relation of the wellbeing of England to the dissolution of the American Union.

Temple Bar is a very fair number. "The Doctor's Wife" does not fall off; but the author must not get into the way of trying to make up for conscious deficiencies (in a certain direction) by throwing sops to dominant opinion. Perhaps it is a safe card to play, but it degrades both author and reader. The present number of the story gives us a glimpse of the situation—and it is a strong one—which is in course of preparation for us. The poetry in *Temple Bar* is again much above the average. Mr. Sala tells the following capital story, which I have seen before, but which will be new to many of your readers:—

Colonel Hoosier and his wife were at a ball, and in the course of the evening one General Plugugly so far forgot himself, in the absence of the Colonel for purposes of liquoring-up, as to salute Mrs. Hoosier in an osculatory manner. She screamed. The intelligence of the outrage was conveyed to Colonel Hoosier, and he, hot from the bar and redolent of cocktail, rushed into the very midst of a quadrille, crying out, "Stop the ball! Thunder and gumbo! Stop the ball! General Plugugly has kissed my wife!" There was an awful pause, an ominous lull. The teeth of men were set; the cheeks of women blanched; and revolvers and bowie-knives were uppermost in the midst of all. Shortly, however, the voice of Hoosier was once more heard, crying, "Musicians, rosin up! The ball may go on agin! General Plugugly has behaved like a gentleman; by gum, he's loaned me five dollars!"

Mr. Yates's "Broken to Harness" is the best instalment he has yet given us.

The monthly part of *Chambers's Journal* includes a capital Shakespeare Tercentenary Number, full of information; with some intelligent criticism of as candid a sort as the enlightened Englishman will put up with.

In the *Churchman's Family Magazine* the poetry has, wonderful to say, a little life in it. Welcome, little stranger! There is, besides the stories and other matter, an interesting letter from India which settles the vexed question about the monsoons and the cobra. As it is (will Miss Yonge forgive us?) the chief attraction of the number, short as it is, it would not be fair to reprint it. By-the-way, Miss Yonge is spoiling that Rachel of hers. Such a writer as Miss Yonge should be above pandering to a prejudice.

The *Sixpenny Magazine* is good enough to deserve a line to itself, perhaps. Mr. Joseph Vevey's Garibaldi verses have heart in them, and two or three of the verses would go very well to music.

London Society is this time better than usual. From the Shakespeare paper I must extract a passage (and the more so as the writer appropriates in it a phrase of my own coining. He's welcome; and some day I'll return the compliment):—

The other day a German gentleman, type, we suppose, of the "intelligent foreigner" of whom we frequently hear, after haranguing with much enthusiasm, though not in very good English, on the excellences of Shakespeare, asked the writer to recite to him the inscription, which he wished to take down in writing. He had been in the church, but had forgotten to copy it; perhaps forgotten to look at it, and now he had got back to the hotel he wanted it. He took it down from our dictation, and when he had finished we looked at his note-book. The memoranda which he had made for his own misguidance ran thus:—

"Good fren for Jesus sake for bare
To dig dust enclose a tear
Blest be the man what spare these stone,
And cursed be he what move my bone."

He said his wife would be delighted with it. (I assure the reader this is not exaggerated, and I am sorry for it.)

The *Intellectual Observer* improves in its illustrations, and I again express the hope that its repulsive title will not keep readers (who care at all for science) at a distance from an entertaining miscellany.

Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, the author, you will remember, of "Puck on Pegasus," edits the *Fisherman's Magazine*—a shilling monthly, whose appearance will probably surprise the general reader. But fish-lore is a universe of itself. Twenty volumes might be filled offhand about the cultivation of the oyster only. A bill is in Parliament this Session, on which Mr. Pennell was called as a witness, for carrying on, near Herne Bay, experiments in oyster-breeding similar to those of the French at the Isle of Ré. The waste in oyster-spit, owing to the negligence of "Nature," is heart-rending—*Madame* being not a believer in maternal government.

A word must be said of Mr. S. O. Beston's "Shakespeare Memorial," the woodcuts of which are very meritorious. So far as

invention is concerned, Mr. Bennett and Mr. Rogers must have the best of the praise. It is a handsome little affair to lie on the table and provoke conversation.

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

At the HAYMARKET, on Saturday, a new play, by Mr. T. W. Robertson, afforded Mr. Sothorn the opportunity of appearing in an altogether different character from that with which his name has been so long identified, and it soon became evident that a crowded audience were amply satisfied both with the drama and with the actors who so well sustained the story. There are probably few of your readers who have not heard the anecdote of the impression made by Garrick upon the imagination of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy City merchant, who fell in love with the accomplished actor after witnessing his performance of Romeo; of the horror of her father, who, suspecting this attachment and not knowing what else to do, sent for the popular favourite and confided to him the discovery he had made; of Garrick's promise to cure the daughter of her sudden and romantic attachment, a result attained by his appearing before her as a drunken vulgarian. The story, I believe, ends here; and, indeed, has been told of a score of actors, French as well as English, and may be taken as open to question, as not biographically accurate; but Mr. Robertson has extended it to its legitimate dramatic conclusion, and thereby given it a very striking interest. The heroine of the story, Miss Ada Ingot, who has found her ideal lover in the Romeo of the stage, and attributes to the actor all the qualifications of the character, is already destined to become the wife of her cousin, a sporting squire, when her father makes the discovery of her unfortunate and foolish attachment. He sends at once for Garrick, and offers to settle a large income upon him if he will consent to leave the stage and retire from London. This is indignantly refused; but, upon learning the motive which prompts the request, the actor pledges his word as a gentleman not only to cure the young lady of her imaginary attachment, but to bring about her marriage with her cousin; at the same time he declares most solemnly that he will never marry until the father of his future bride shall request him, hat in hand, to accept his daughter for a wife. The occasion on which he proposes to effect the change in the regards of the young lady is that of a quiet dinner-party to which he is invited by the old merchant, and here, by simulating gross intoxication, insulting the guests, displaying the worst passions of a vulgar gamester, and utterly repudiating any sensibility to the noble sentiments of the dramatists, he succeeds in making himself so repulsive that the heroine herself orders him to leave the house and threatens that he shall be turned out by the servants. It happens, however, that in Ada Ingot he has recognised one of his most appreciative auditors, whose face, seen in a private box, has haunted him for months, since, when others were indifferent, he has noted that she has seized the meaning and spirit of his delineations, and has consequently played to her and not always to the house. His agony after this discovery almost leads him to betray his promise, and after he has played out his part and left the company in confusion—the glasses broken and the girl, for whom he himself has formed a romantic passion, full of disgust at his brutality—he is filled with melancholy. Meanwhile, Ada Ingot has had her dream dispelled, and the old gentleman her father, delighted with the honourable conduct of the actor, is about to make preparations for her wedding with the sporting cousin, when that personage himself comes in not quite sober, and begins to tell a story which he has just heard about David Garrick. This story, which is in effect a narrative of the scene just enacted, interests each listener in a different way. Ada learns the meaning and the object of the actor's conduct, and, on hearing that he has resented some insolent remarks made upon her by attacking the author of them and so being challenged to fight a duel, she determines to prevent the encounter. To do this she goes the next morning to Garrick's house instead of preparing for that marriage with her cousin which she once more feels to be impossible. The entrance of the cousin himself compels her to seek concealment behind a bookcase in the actor's study; and in this room, after the gentlemen have gone out, she is found by her father, who at once comes to the conclusion that she has fled to Garrick, and denounces her. She becomes insensible from the violence of her conflicting emotions, and while the father goes to seek assistance the actor returns, having disarmed his adversary, and succeeds in restoring her. He then persuades her that it is her duty to return to her father, and even while acknowledging his own attachment, implores her not to be guilty of disobedience to her parent. The old merchant, who has returned in time to be a concealed witness of this scene, is so influenced by the noble conduct of the actor, and by the contrast between him and the tipsy lout for whom his daughter has been intended, that he comes forward and assents to the union, complying with what he remembers was the actor's condition, by asking him, hat in hand, to accept his daughter. In the character of David Garrick Mr. Sothorn has achieved a new and to many, even of his admirers, an unexpected success. Mr. Chippendale is one of the most effective fathers ever witnessed, and is strong in the power of quiet pathos mingled with quaint humour; while Mr. Buckstone adds to the part of Squire Chivey a charm which is all his own. The character of Ada Ingot is sustained by Miss Nelly Moore with a sweet but forcible simplicity which is very rare indeed, and exhibits a fine appreciation, for which she has already gained no little credit. The piece was warmly applauded throughout, and the principals were summoned before the curtain both at the end of the first act and at the close of the performance.

In the new farce, at the ST. JAMES'S, of "Shake Hands," Mr. Leicester Buckingham has allowed his admiration for Garibaldi to outrun his usual discretion. The farce itself is not only a weak translation of a weak French piece, but hinges on the subject of conjugal infidelity—to my mind a theme rather offensive than humorous. In fact, the whole thing is redolent of what Mr. Antony Trollope calls "fie! fie!" The actors struggle ineffectually with the poor materials given to them; and, but for Mr. Clarke's admirable acting and his wonderful "get-up" as Garibaldi, "Shake Hands" would be as dull as it is coarse.

Another extravaganza by Mr. Byron has been produced at the STRAND with even greater success, if that be possible, than usual. "The Mazourka" is a highly-spiced version of "Le Diable à Quatre," which was a French adaptation of our own homely farce of "The Devil to Pay." Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Johnstone, Miss Simpson, Mr. George Honey—I beg his, I mean her, pardon—(the Empress Eugénie), Mr. Fenton, Mr. James, and their coadjutors wear dresses, sing songs, and dance dances with such effect upon the audience, that everything is encored, except when, under very aggravated circumstances, a morceau is redemanded twice or thrice. "The Mazourka" is a real Stræd "hit."

SHAKESPEARE CELEBRATION AT FRANKFORT.—The Shakespeare banquet at Frankfort has proved a ludicrous and grotesque affair. The opening oration was delivered by Professor Mommsen, who, with great want of taste, sneered at England for her conduct in the Schleswig-Holstein question, and several other gentlemen plunged into the intricacies of the same question. This brought up Sir A. Malet, the British Minister, who significantly pointed to a picture of "The Merchant of Venice," and asked the Germans present to remember the moral of that great play. This occasioned considerable commotion; and subsequently the Americans present, deeming themselves insulted in the person of their Consul at Baden, left the ball in a body, and were quickly followed by all the English guests.

THE POPE ON POLAND.—The Pope lately delivered an allocution in the Vatican, in which the grievances suffered by the Poles at the hands of the Emperor of Russia were alluded to in eloquent language. The Pope accused the Emperor of having driven his subjects into insurrection, and then of having endeavoured, under pretence of suppressing the rebellion, to extirpate the Roman Catholic religion. This allocution is stated to have produced a profound impression upon the listeners, and, it is added, that many felt a condemnation of the conduct of Russia towards Poland was not delivered some decided influence upon the attitude of Catholic Europe. The Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Rome has applied to the Pontifical Government for an explanation of the above allocution. Cardinal Antonelli is stated to have vindicated the right of the Pope to speak as he did.

OUR FEUILLETON.

HOW I BECAME JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE great family of the Browns and Joneses, though they never seem to be aware of it, have very much to be thankful for. The bare simplicity—I will not call it vulgarity—of their names may not place them very high in the social scale, but it lands them on a level far above that allotted to scores of their fellow-creatures. They may be despised by the aristocratic Montmorencies and De Grenvilles; they may be pitied by the more homely Barclays and Harrisons; but they can relieve their overcharged feelings by despising and pitying their inferiors. They may laugh at Cockles (Antibionus, not Horatius); they may affect to be disgusted with Giblets, and they may patronise Pighead or Rawbone. They can ease their wounded vanity in a dozen other ways by tormenting a hundred other unfortunate victims of absurd surnames. I know they can do this, because I am one of these victims.

My name is Rottengoose. I got this name fairly—from my paternal grandfather; but where he got it from I have never been curious enough to inquire. It is one of those names that an owner is not likely to make much stir about. I have never had the courage to follow it into a drawing-room, nor even to hear it announced by a parlour-maid. I slink about with it like a branded criminal. I shudder when I see it in print or anything approaching to it, and am only induced to break silence now to publish a short and important narrative.

A few months ago a gentleman appeared as the correspondent of a leading journal, and gave a list of absurd and repulsive surnames, which, he said, a friend of his had extracted from the wills in Doctors' Commons. The names, I have too good reason to know, were not invented for the occasion, though I question the story of their discovery. The melancholy catalogue was, I believe, neither more nor less than the list of members of a club, started in self-defence by a few victims of hereditary nicknames. Its founders were two gentlemen named Honeybum and Mudd, who had been blackballed six times at six ordinary clubs, entirely on the score of their titles. This club, which is now broken up, was known as the Refuge, and it drew into its peaceful fold all those wanderers about London who had been compelled to pass half their time in dull chambers and tavern coffee-rooms. The Refuge was not remarkable for architectural embellishment; its charm was found rather in a certain unobtrusive plainness which suited the character of its supporters. It gave each member a certain amount of society without the formality and annoyance of introductions; in fact, introductions, though not absolutely forbidden by the by-laws of the club, were silently but strongly discountenanced. No member was held to be properly qualified to enter the club unless his name was more or less absurd and repulsive; but, once admitted, he was never addressed by his title, under penalty of a fine. The servants were selected on the same principle as the members; they were never allowed to address the members by their names; and all letters, when brought in on trays, were carried with the addresses downwards. Our community, except in these last particulars, was very like the House of Commons; we were each and all known as "honourable members," and were never "named" on any consideration.

The Refuge, like all clubs, was not free from cliques or parties, and from individuals who affected to be superior to their companions. There were the Bungler clique, the Sponge clique, and the Booby clique, the latter comprising nearly all the aristocrats of our society. We had several members who were sulky and solitary in their habits, who neither joined any of the cliques nor conversed with their fellow-members. We had a butt, a glutton, a bore, a professed wit, a teller of coarse anecdotes, a member who made a counting-house of the place, transacting all his business there, and another member who used it as a bed-room, sleeping there for hours in an easy-chair. We had several notorious grumblers, who found fault with everything, and our little society was as much like all other clubs as one pea is like another.

As much happiness as can be found in clubs was found in the Refuge, and enjoyed for several years without any sensible interruption. Bit by bit, however, the club was being silently undermined by the admission of members who were not properly qualified. Gentlemen bearing, amongst others, such inoffensive titles as Shave, Cuckoo, Dolly, Cake, and Shufflo, were admitted by the electing council without consulting the wishes of the majority. Old members whose names could not be pronounced without a laugh or a shudder, or without being softened in the mouth for the sake of decency, were thus brought into contact with men more highly favoured by their godfathers and ancestors. I am far from saying that all these new members made the club feel that they belonged to a higher level. Some of them were well-behaved modest gentlemen; and even those who felt inclined to assert their position were outdone in presumptuous vulgarity by a few of the most offensively-named members. Still, the introduction of this refined alien element was calculated to ruin the club by making it too self-confident. Our society soon clung less to that obscurity which had been its best safeguard, and courted publicity with a blind disregard of consequences. It began by allowing strangers—no matter what their names might be—to dine with members; it ended—I may well say ended—by giving a grand evening party.

The same recklessness which had entertained the idea of turning the Refuge into an assembly-room also presided over all the arrangements of this party. Invitations were issued to the female relatives and friends of members, doubtless in imitation of a very bad precedent established by the leading clubs on the day the Princess of Wales arrived in England. The regular servants of the club, with names and habits that were agreeable to the old members, were placed under a new body of men engaged and regulated by the "purveyor" who furnished the refreshments. None of the conventional ceremonies of assemblies were consequently dispensed with, and the company, instead of being silently ushered into the drawing-rooms, were announced by a gigantic footman with the lungs of a Stentor. His memory was very retentive, his feelings were very blunt, and his pronunciation was terribly clear, the result being that not one name—presentable or unpresentable—was lost upon the company.

Mr. Asse, Dr. Bub, Mr. Belly, Mr. and Miss Boots, and Alderman Cripple were amongst the first arrivals. They were quickly followed by Messrs. Fat, Ginger, Drinkmilke, Beaste, Dun e, and Buggy. Mr. Honeybum, one of the founders of the club, but who now had little voice in its management, got in unannounced and unobserved, like me, at a side door, amongst a crowd of waiters. Several other members were clever enough to imitate this trick, amongst whom were Messrs. Screech, Spittle, Cheese, and Kidney.

The announcing footman was not idle, and his voice was heard above the hum of conversation.

"Mr. and Miss Milkop, and the two Misses Pigge."
"Mr. Vittles, Mr. Kneebone, Mr. Jugs."
"Dr. Poopy, Mr. and Mrs. Gotobed, the Rev. Mr. Shrimps."
"Mr., Mrs., and the two Misses Jelly; Mr. Leaky, Mr. Rampe; Mr. and Mrs. Taylecoate."

"Dr. Cauliflower and Miss Spratt; Mr. Demon, Mr. Cod, Mr. Fancek, Mr. Mug, Mr. and Mrs. Radiash."

"What funny people; it's like a play!" exclaimed the youngest Miss Pigge, loudly—a young lady who ought not to have been brought so early into society.

"Hush!" returned Miss Milkop, an elderly, unmarried lady, who had charge of this young person and her sister; "let us seek for some refreshment."

The announcements still continued:—
"Mr. Lambhead, Mr. and Mrs. Looby, Mr. Bonfire, Mr. and Miss Sawney, Mr. Butter, Dr. Whitelegs, the Rev. Mr. Stump, Mr. Licie, Mr. Gullett, Mr. Meatyard, Mr. Smelt."

"Pon my word," said Mr. Kneebone, at this point, addressing Dr. Poopy, "they ought to make a gathering like this a little more select. That last batch of names is enough to make a fellow sick."

"My dear Sir," returned Dr. Poopy, "the same feeling came over

me; but you know there are many people who must be invited on these occasions."

I moved away from this group and drew near another, by which time Messrs. Clodd, Cheese, Bones, Humpe, Prigge, Cockey, Sprawl, Swine, Tick, Fever, Deadhorse, and Hardup, with several ladies, had been announced, and had mingled with the crowd.

"My dear fellow, there's Deadhorse just come in," said Mr. Mug to Mr. Buggy; "let me introduce him to you."

"I'm not equal to it to-night," replied Mr. Buggy, affectedly; "I've not been very well lately, and the name calls up unpleasant associations."

The visitors still kept pouring in, announced by the stentorian footman:—"Mr. and Mrs. Pricktoe, Dr. Mountebank, Mr. Corpse, Mr. and Miss Hussey, Mr. Scragge, Mr. Phisicke, Mr. and Mrs. Muddell, Mr. Flashman, Mr. Gabby, Mr. and Mrs. Swette, Mr. Lazy, Mr. Monkey, Mr. Mule, Mr. and Miss Poker, Mr. Squash, Mr. Pott, Mr., Mrs., and the two Misses Headache, Dr. Greedy, the Rev. Mr. Shearlitte, Mr. Idle, Mr. and Miss Maypole, Mr. Skim, Mr. and Mrs. Gull, Mr. Simpleton, Mr. Rascal, Mr. Barehead, Mr. and Mrs. Dam, Mr. Shoe, Mr. and Mrs. Vile, Mr. Bulley, and Mr. and Mrs. Shirt."

"I say, Rottengoose, my boy," shouted Mr. Sawney, who fancied himself a bit of a wag, "there's something wrong with the gender of that last name, isn't there?"

"I don't quite comprehend you," I replied, rather nervously, as the way in which he shouted my hated name was very embarrassing. "Don't you see," he returned, loudly, "Mr. and Mrs. Shirt. Mr. Shirt is all right; but Mrs. Shirt ought to be Mrs. Shift. Eh, Rottengoose, eh?"

"Ha, ha!" I responded, very feebly, "glad to hear from you again."

The shouting of my name attracted the attention of Mr., Mrs., and the two Misses Jelly, whom I had bashfully avoided, though I often visited them in private. To put me at my ease in their society they had kindly softened my name to "Writingcase," or something that sounded very much like it, and by this title they always addressed me.

"We never heard you announced, Mr. Writingcase," exclaimed Mrs. Jelly, in which remark she was echoed by her husband and daughters.

"No," I said, nervously, fearing that Mr. Sawney would rally me upon the way in which my title had been softened; "I was here—that is, in the building—before the doors were opened."

At this moment I saw the dreaded Sawney coming towards me with his mouth wide open. Much against my inclination, I tore myself from the Jelly party and hurried away with my tormentor. He had invented a wretched conundrum turning upon their names, and, though I felt that I could have knocked him down, I was compelled to listen to him.

I will not dwell any longer on the events of that party. The club, as I fully expected, withered gradually after that night, as the members had been coarsely aroused to a sense of their degradation. A hundred applications, in one form or another, for a change of name were made to the legal authorities within a week of the meeting, and there was a great run upon classical and aristocratic titles. My christian name being Julius, I selected Cesar to follow, and this advertisement appeared in the daily journals:—

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that J. the undersigned JULIUS ROTTENGOOSE CÆSAR, lately called 'Julius Rottengoose,' now for some time past residing in Pall-mall, and the Marshes, near Stratford, Essex, gentleman, have determined to assume and take, from the 10th day of November, 1863, and thenceforth and at all times hereafter to use, the SURNAME of CÆSAR in addition to the surname of Rottengoose, but as my last and principal surname; and by a deed-poll under my hand and seal, bearing date the 10th day of November, 1863, and duly enrolled in her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, I have, in order to give effect to such determination and for the purpose of evidencing the same, declared, and I do hereby declare, that I shall at all times hereafter, in all deeds, writings, documents, letters, and other instruments of writing, and in all dealings, transactions, and in all intercourse with other persons, and on all occasions whatsoever, set, subscribe, and use the surname of Cesar in addition to the said surname of Rottengoose, and as my last and principal surname; and by the said deed I have expressly authorised and desired, and I do hereby expressly authorise and desire all and every person and persons whomsoever to designate, describe, address, and call me, at all times and all occasions whatsoever by such surname of Cesar accordingly."

"Dated this 12th day of November, 1863."

"JULIUS ROTTENGOOSE CÆSAR.
"Witness, G. A. Scragge, Solicitor,
"Bow-legged Lane, Wadding-street, E.C."

I need scarcely add that though I retain the name of Rottengoose for legal reasons, I shall use it even more sparingly than is indicated in the above deed. Whatever windfalls of property—expected and unexpected—may fall to the share of J. Rottengoose C. will be immediately seized and enjoyed by J. R. Cesar. My change of name is likely to lead to another before long, when Miss Jelly will become Mrs. J. R. Cesar. We shall probably go abroad for a lengthened period, to avoid the detestable Sawney, who is still satisfied with his repulsive title.

J. H.

THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

SEVEN A.M.—AT THE PUMP.

If there are three individuals in existence more ill-used than any others, Tag, Rag, and Bobtail are undoubtedly that unlucky trio. They are worse fed, worse clothed, worse lodged. Nobody pities them; everybody pecks at them. They are an eyesore. The dirty, shambling, shuffling crew! We are ashamed of them, and have no patience to discuss their condition but with a view to their abolition. If it could be managed we would, without compunction, pluck away Tag and Rag, and cast them to the winds; without a pang of remorse we would cut off our Bobtail.

We should do an unwise thing. We should reduce ourselves to a position even more ridiculous than that of the fabled fox, the difference being accidental death as compared with suicide. Vain would be our endeavours to persuade neighbouring nations of how cool, and comfortable, and unembarrassed we felt without a Bobtail, and how much they stood in their own light in allowing themselves to be hampered by the ugly thing. We might not be so fortunate as some nations reduced to such a strait—as America, for example, who, having sent her Bobtail to the wars, whence it never returned, bought that belonging to Ireland at a few dollars a hair, reducing that hard-mouthed jibber to a condition too melancholy for contemplation in a paper of this sort.

Unlovely as is our Bobtail, it is an appendage we can by no means afford to despise. It is mighty serviceable. In a social sense, it is essential as a balance against the country head and crest, and in a political sense it is useful to brush away and keep in awe foreign flies and hornets which otherwise would devour us alive. Tag and Rag are the raw materials of our Army, and scrubby and unkempt as is poor Bobtail as seen at the pump, or under circumstances even more disadvantageous, his lusty arms are ever ready for the sleeves of a red coat, and his brawny fists to grasp a bayonet.

Yet, and despite these most important considerations, we treat our Tag, and our Rag, and our Bobtail very indifferently. We invade their courts and alleys and pull down their houses in much the same spirit as we rout a rat-hole, and are more charitable to the human bipeds than the vermin only that we secure the latter from further pain and worldly trouble by knocking them on the head, while we let the former scuttle away and burrow deeper than ever in the mire. We do this, or we go to the other extreme. We take Bobtail out of the dingy hole which, however objectionable in every other respect, was particularly snug and effectually screened his rags and his squalor and his poor pot from observation, and we place him in a section of a tremendous red-brick, workhouse-looking building, with staring, whitewashed walls and inquisitive skylights, and a hot-air shaft and a cold-air shaft, and a well staircase (quite precluding the possibility of "popping" in and out, so necessary to

the poverty-stricken), and decorate his room-door with a printed placard of the rules and regulations of the establishment. If the philanthropic public think that Tag, Rag, and Bobtail are grateful for such an awful amount of "improvement" it is vastly mistaken. These model buildings, it should be borne in mind, are for the very poor—for the decent poor, especially—and decent poverty has ever a distaste for publicity; if soup were given away in the neighbourhood, decent poverty would rather go dinnerless than carry a jugful up the hundred steps of that well staircase in full view of model lodgers passing up and down. It is altogether a mistake to build these eating and sleeping warehouses. Hot and cold air shafts, and whitewash, and fire-buckets in the passage, and an everlasting beadle, are not homely features; and love of home, in its exactest sense, is the very last virtue to escape at poor Jack's ragged elbows. It is houses that are built by bricklayers and carpenters, not homes; and it is altogether in vain that you draw Jack's attention to the secure nature of the door fastenings, to the commodious oven for cooking, the unlimited hot water, and the patent dust-shoots, and defy him to point out a single flaw in the entire arrangement. "Yes, it's all right enough as far as that goes," Jack will reply. "Why, then, you silly fellow, what more can you want?" "Blest if I know," is Jack's reply, given with a scared sort of look round at the overpoweringly well-built walls and the wide fireplace; "but I don't feel as though I could make myself at home here, somehow!" "This is one great difficulty," say you in your report to the commission, "they have become so inured to their shiftless and untidy methods of living, that, although they acknowledge the superiority of the model abodes over those in which they were born and bred, they are slow to avail themselves of them." And so it must rest, for—for his very life Jack can give no better reason for disliking room 27, third floor of the well staircase, than that he couldn't make himself at home there; and, since he persists in making this sufficient excuse for retaining his lodging in Bludger's-rents, it is very certain that there is misunderstanding somewhere.

But, for one reason at least, Jack Bobtail should be induced to try the model lodging; he will find plenty of water there. He doesn't find it in Bludger's-rents. There is but one water-butt for the use of the eighteen houses, and a fierce fight over filling the pots and pans during the brief quarter of an hour it pleases the turncock to allow the precious flow. As long as a sufficient supply was obtained to fill the family kettle, one time o'day, this dearth of the aqueous element was a matter of small concern to Bobtail or his brethren Tag and Rag. A week's dirt was no great inconvenience, and on Saturdays they could go down to the river for a "reglar good wash." That this was so is put beyond dispute by the words of the good old song, which, expatiating on the many delights afforded by the Thames, records how

The watermen whistled on Saturday night
And the little boys scrubbed their dingy backs white.

Alas, for the watermen! They have taken to whistling "at the other side of their mouths" this many a day, and dingy indeed must be the back of the little boy which shows the whiter for a dip in the grimy pickle at present flowing between the bridges.

But there are the pumps!

Indeed! Where are the pumps? Ask Tag, ask Rag, ask Bobtail. Times are altered, my dear madam. Pumps are things of the past, or nearly—at least good old-fashioned pumps are, with handles, and spouts, and splash screens. You may see them occasionally, bill-stuck and stark, and with their handles raised in the air like the ghosts of one-armed teetotalers; but there is no life in them, and should you venture to take a pull at the handle the only response will be an internal rattle, hollow and sepulchral as the rattling of bones. Others you may see with some sort of vitality remaining in them, but chained and fettered as though there was danger of their spouting treason against the Queen instead of simple water wherewith her loyal though humble subjects might eradicate the stigma of "the Great Unwashed." The pump with a handle is out of date. It used to be of service in filling water-carts to lay the dust; but that humdrum state of things is quite put in the shade by the modern system of hydraulics. This is an age of improvement, and its progress must not be impeded by the necessities of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail. If spring water is required to fill the jugs of the respectable inhabitants, there are the patent coffee-mill pumps, at which, if you possess the strength of a drayman, you may grind out of the earth enough water to wet the corner of your pocket-handkerchief, and that almost before a mob can assemble to witness the interesting operation. If Bobtail has neither a handkerchief nor a drayman's strength, it is absurd to suppose that improvement can halt in its march till he acquires either one or the other.

But at least Bobtail has a thirsty gullet, and how is he to comfort it if you take from him the pump-handle and ladle? How? After the metropolis has been deluged with this sort of philanthropy as it has, the ungrateful ruffian asks how? Are there not to be found at almost every street-corner, not mere vulgar pumps with iron ladders, but magnificent "fountains," and globets to catch the water in? Are they not in many instances furnished even with thermometers, that Bobtail may make himself acquainted with the exact coldness of the charity of which he avails himself? Nay, should he at any time find himself in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, he may there discover a fountain whereat he may not only assuage his thirst, but, by contemplation of a most gorgeous heraldic design blazoned above the spout, purge his ignorant mind of any erroneous impression there planted by that preposterous little hymn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

And here occurs a suggestion which is quite at the service of any one of our anti-hanging legislators who may choose to accept it. How much has the abolition of pumps to do with the increase of crime? Blatantism no longer goes in terror of a summary sousing. A horsetrough does as well; but improvement, in its march, as well as demolishing the pumps has kicked over the horsetrough. Suppose we were to "try back" a little, and alter the cry of "down with the gallows" to "up with the pump"? Bobtail, at least, will be grateful.

J. G.

SEVEN P.M.—INSPECTION.

WHEN I was young I did skip, and a dress-coat lasted but for a season. Polished leather boots consumed my substance. I revelled in choice shirts, with bosoms of exceeding fine work, and for white kid gloves I risked insolvency. Now, alas! the swallow-tails of a thousand polkas lie undisturbed in my wardrobe, and my opera waistcoat is older than my firstborn. The oil of youth, that lubricated the activity of my pas seul, has clogged in my joints, and, reclining in my easy-chair, I listen to the tales of the dancers. I am getting old and lazy. Grey streaks, like the ghosts of departed vigour, haunt the ruined blackness of my hair, and, with the groan of a conquered warrior, I lay down my tweezers. Oh, that my time could but come over again, when the exertion of pleasure caused me no distress and to put on my fine clothes was the greatest enjoyment!

In those days when I could return from business at six, and be dressed like a little king and ready for the opera by seven (my mutton chops, in a kind of crop, pressing sorely against the second button of my waistcoat), I considered any man over forty "an old boy," and inwardly decided that he had no right to be got up and powdered into the semblance of a younger. Now, I loudly assert that no man is in his prime until he is fifty-five. But it will not do. The rebels of twenty-five wink to one another, and quietly put me down. Then I fancied it was a waste of time to focus my glasses on a face passed twenty-five, and if I offered my arm to a spinster of thirty I consoled myself with the reflection that I was assisting old age. My song is now altered. I have adopted the consoling creed of Balzac that a woman is never so lovely as in her fortieth year. The bits of things in their teens I smile upon as sweet children. Have I gained or lost wisdom? Then I was in my pride, now I am on my self-defence. It is the sense of the prisoner who decorates his cell that prompts me to glorify the wrinkles that bar out my youth and teaches me to seek comfort in what I am forced to endure.

There are several very mortifying, I may say humiliating, circumstances attending the middle age of one who is fool enough to be ashamed of his years: one is the coldness openly displayed by the youth whose companion you would wish to be considered, and

ILLUSTRATED TIMES; OR, THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.—(DRAWN BY FLORENCE AND ADELAIDE CLAXTON.)



SEVEN A.M.: MORNING TOILET.

another the insulting triumph with which the acknowledged old ones welcome you among their ranks, and the glee with which they proclaim you as one of them. I approach a happy group of giggling things and long to join in their fun, but suddenly they are silent and retire abashed. I turn to the ottoman where the aged are resting and instantly room is made for me, and a voice exclaims, "We old people are better out of the way of those silly children. We have seen our day, and may as well let them enjoy theirs." Maternal parents will openly insult you by placing the greatest confidence in what they term your calmed nature by intrusting their sweet progeny to your care and not even suspecting you of tender emotions. When giddy Julia, a bright little angel of fascinating impudence, who knows how to use her eyes, and would (for practice) flirt with a gravedigger, when laughing Julia has to be guarded in the crush-room until the carriage is announced, mamma asks you to enact the sage protector and poor Tom Darling is basked of his hopes. The cunning mother knows as well as I do that if I were to pour out my soul in one long song of love,



SEVEN P.M.: INSPECTION.

arguments on sluggish digestions and the efficacy of pills. When he indulges in a friar, as at Christmas time, his wheezing becomes oppressive, or every now and then a sudden twinge of the rheumatism causes him to grimace. If any young fellow should wound his feelings by personal allusions, he will pettishly sneer at the impudence of "boys;" but, on the other hand, he considers it an act of intolerable impertinence if any of his juvenile friends should presume to address him as "old cock." Sometimes you may observe two of these tired-looking, done-up bucks examining, with lively curiosity, each other's highly brushed hair, or peeping with sharp eyes for the gray roots of the glossy whiskers. Each is wondering where the other goes to be dyed. Occasionally they betray themselves by anecdotes of Pasta and John Kemble, and, whilst the listeners are amazed that anyone with such beautiful teeth and jet-black locks could have lived in these far-off days, the betrayed bean will suddenly discover his mistake and flounder out of his blunder by offering to "lend the book where he read it." Above all, anybody at a glance may distinguish around the eyes of these renovated

boys those thin cracks in the human clay called wrinkles—minute lines that tell of the hard wear of a vessel where the placing of youth has given way. A cruel infliction on the young man of forty is to have a married sister who is a truth-fearing woman, and who will openly confess her age and relate anecdotes of her young brother's naughty boyhood. He could break the poker in two with rage when she, before girls too, begins the love stories of the angels he courted; of the romantic attachment he formed, from mere description, for dearest Anna, a schoolfellow (now the mother of six); how he proposed three times to Caroline, who refused him because she liked officers (since twice married); how he wanted Kate to elope with him, only she was afraid to jump. The once entrancing Kate now wears a cap, sips brandy-and-water before bed-time, and, years since, lost her waist. I knew a sensible and excessively agreeable "boy," who, finding that further decoration was useless, suddenly verged round to the opposite extreme and, in his thirty-ninth year, attacked his frequently to

his old age that everybody was offended and felt it to be their duty to publicly contradict him, and even to describe him as being much younger than he really was. To the lads he would lay down the law and prate of the vast experience gained by his long life, and this never failed to rouse their angry passions and to afford him the luxury of being termed an imposter, not much older than they were. To the ladies he would allude to his shattered frame and worn-out constitution; but they, being provoked to examination, pronounced him elegant and attractive, and worthy of being conquered. On all sides he was pooh-pooh'd, and universally declared to be a humbug, assuming to be a Nestor when he was really an Adonis, nearly equal to new. The renown he derived from his talented deceit helped him to marry a charming creature, who was answering the clergyman before she well knew what she was about, and only found out her mistake on the occasion of his assuring his life, when she could scarcely believe her eyes as she gazed on the "proposal" paper; and, after a flood of tears, made him promise her to take eggs beaten up in sherry every day for luncheon.

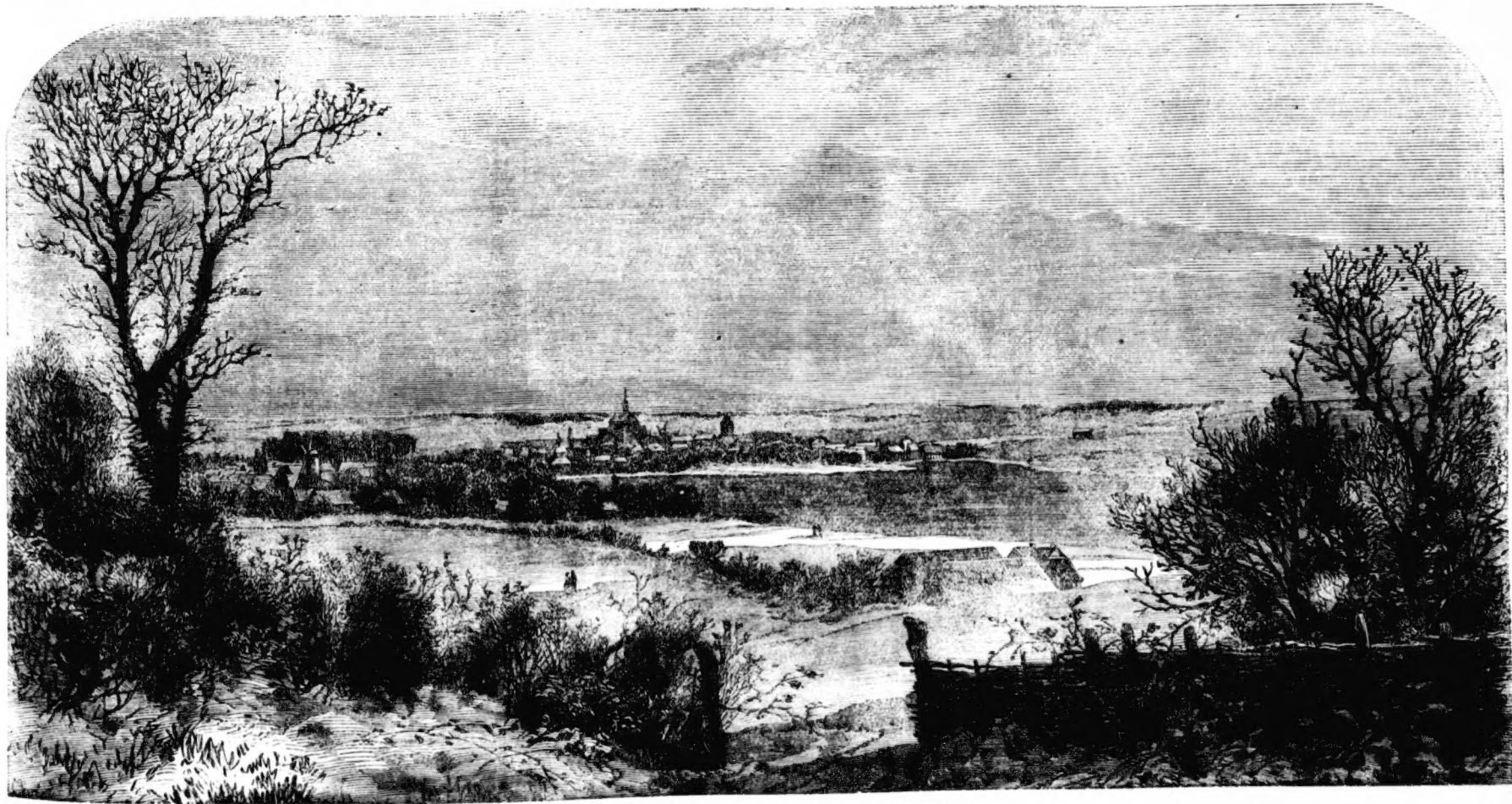
Men should get married, at the latest, when the first grey hair is detected. Don't tell anybody, but pull it out and go a-courtin'. The moment you are married a thousand vanities are put to flight. Your wife will rebuke you for your careless dress, and remind you of the time when you were the greatest buck on town. She will taunt you with being fat and lazy, because you prefer staying at home to taking her to the opera or some stupid dance. Her constant reproach will be that you are strangely altered since your marriage. You sit in your easy-chair and allow old age to smite you in the face without taking the commonest toilet precautions to defend yourself. The fault is not yours. You have



GOING A-MAYING A CENTURY AGO.

made your one unalterable choice, and her decisive victory has subdued the courage of the once defiant bachelor. There are no more hearts to be conquered, even pressing of hands and whispering in corners are illegal. Reduce your war expenditure, discharge your regiments of tailors and hosiers, and live your life over again in the existence of your children, recalling the pleasures of your youth by witnessing the enjoyments of theirs.

A very intimate and poetic friend of mine had six children, overflowing with sentiment, who caused him so much parental anxiety that he was obliged to retire from business that he might properly attend to their tender emotions. He had himself suffered deeply (a six years' engagement), and his prayer was that his beloved ones might be spared the agonies of too much love. One day I inquired after Janet, a sweet creature of eighteen, and romantic to a fault. "Poor girl!" sighed the fond parent. "It's all over with her! Taken suddenly about a month since, and what she suffers nobody knows. Eats nothing, drinks nothing; only writes letters and sits at the window. We fancy it is Tom Turton, because she fainted on hearing I had met him in Oxford-street. Her mother declares it must be Jack Strutt, because he has nearly pulled out his right whisker, and he wanted to know what a silver teapot would cost. But, whoever it may be, I shall sternly refuse my consent unless that darling child promises me, on her sacred word of honour, to eat three mutton-chops a day for a month to come." This good father assured me that he had helped all his children in their courting, and never enjoyed anything so much in all his life as when Frank, his youngest, fell in love with three ladies at once and didn't know which he liked best until one of them refused him, when he instantly perceived that they were formed for one another,



VIEW OF FALERSLEBEN, JUTLAND.—SEE PAGE 291.

and, going to some expense, he ultimately made her so thoroughly ashamed of herself that on the day of the wedding a bottle of smelling-salts had to be held to her nose during the entire ceremony.

If I chose to mention names I could refer admirers of beauty to a young lady so superlatively handsome that to gaze on her bewitching countenance is to destroy a week's appetite. Naturally, her parents doat upon her, and, indeed, spoil her with indulgences, and bless her sweet face as they pay the bills. The son of a highly respectable nobleman fell so desperately in love with this angel that he walked before the house for three weeks and with impassioned gesticulations offered marriage whenever anybody peeped over the parlour blinds. There is a grace about the deportment of Clarissa which, but for its sublimity, might be likened to the movements of a sportive kitten, a rounded grace so inimitable that all her companions affect her style. Her mother has been a fine creature and a favourite toast. Even now she wears a settled calmness of beauty which, in a widow, would command speedy matrimony; but when aroused the expression of her eye might conquer the sternest of footmen. On the occasion of the divine Clarissa making her first appearance in ball-room life, an old boy who had twice tenderly addressed her respected mamma (when Miss G.) was seized with a sudden trembling, and declared that he experienced all the torments of his disappointed love, so closely did the child resemble the parent. During that same evening a member of Parliament was so affected that, rushing down to the house, he voted on the wrong side and forfeited all his electioneering prospects. A Baronet with twelve thousand a year offered to wager five monkeys that in less than three months she should be his; but the four brave men who, disgusted with this display of effrontery, instantly stepped forward and accepted the bet, at the same time presented the noble upstart with their cards and challenged him to mortal combat unless he instantly withdrew his offensive remarks.

The family is excessively well to do, and the liveries are handsome. As an old friend of the family, I am permitted to call whilst the first dinner bell is ringing. I carve chickens with a magical neatness, and as a professor of salad-mixing I defy the world.

Clarissa is engaged in matrimonial promise to a gentleman of fortune, who never can be worthy of such excellence. Her chief delight is to sit in an opera-box, and, as the lovely music calms her agitated soul, to listen to the love-vows of her favoured selection. On these opera nights I delight in calling on that cherished family. They have dined early, to suit the pleasure-seekers. I find them partaking of tea—a wholesome beverage. Everybody is disturbed and anxious—the mother, lest her sweet daughter should be late; the children, from jealousy that they are not to share the pleasure. It is an uncomfortable visit; but I know that my reward is at hand. Brother Oscar is ready dressed, and has stretched his gloves. Compared with the other members of the family, he stands out as a highly finished specimen, not a hair out of place, and his general cleanliness amounting to frigidity. He will not speak to Athol or Edwin, but stands before the glass gazing on himself, as his only fitting companion. He grumbles and looks at his watch, and wonders what Clarissa can be about. Presently a gentle rustling is heard, gradually increasing to a rushing, crackling roar, which informs us that the capacious crinolines of the beautiful Clarissa is rapidly descending from above, expanding from wall to rail, and filling up in a cloud of richness more than six feet of staircase. Everybody gazes at the door; our impatience becomes almost beyond control. The fond mother rises, the children run forward, Athol places his eyeglasses, and utters an inward prayer for help. She comes! She floats into our presence. She curtsies to us with an elegance which sends the blood to my head. As if in mercy, she recalls me to my senses by exclaiming, in her sweetest tones, "Ma, dear, I want a pin."

By her side little Marian stands, envious of her sister's pretty gown and wishing she were old enough to be dressed as finely. In about ten years' time it will be her time to be courted, and petted, and set the milliners to work. She will, I consider, be even more captivating than the beautiful Clarissa. A. M.

GOING A-MAYING.

Is it that our climate has really changed, or has an age of cynical civilisation blotted out in the public eye all those beauties which the early poets were wont to associate with the present month? The fact is that May is a most feminine and uncertain month at the best of times, and even when it comes in all smiles and sunshine it may be expected to show an occasional tantrum of sharp rain and easterly wind before we have well got accustomed to the holiday finery which we have been persuaded to put on.

Change not a clout
Till May be out,

says the very homely old proverb, from which it would appear that the fickle month has changed its characteristics but little, and that it was loved rather for its joyous promise of buds, and leaves, and flowers, giving earnest of the summer, than on account of its own balmy favour.

It must surely be this happy recognition of reviving nature which so endeared the present period of the year to the old poets who, finding ancient games and customs associated with the month, took a good opportunity of celebrating both in verse; yet most of the songs which speak in such glowing terms of this last month of the English spring would seem better adapted to the bright beauty of an Italian summer, or of that arcadian climate which poets love to imagine in which all the world may live out of doors.

Whatever may be the reason—whether our climate has really changed, or because we have found out all the old shams of the minstrels who wrote about sweet Philomel and the zephyrs of spring, with their legs in woollen hose and with a cup of warm posset ready to hand—we no longer go a-maying in any national or general sense.

Not that there are no other reasons for the decadence of this custom. There are, for instance, no hawthorn hedges within a reasonable distance of the metropolis; and, as maying went out when large hoops came into fashion; so any attempt to pluck hawthorn boughs, or to penetrate bramble-hedged lanes, in modern crinolines could only result in shame and disaster. And yet, borrowed from the Roman Floralia, which were probably themselves borrowed from still earlier festivities, most modern nations have delighted to celebrate the advent of buds and flowers which spoke of nature's regeneration; and the blossom of the hawthorn (which soon came to be called "may") seems early to have held a prominent part in all the sports which belonged to this anniversary.

Then to the greenwood they spedden them all
To fetchen home may with their musical.

Oh that I were there!

To helpen the ladies their may bush to bear!

sings the poet in the *Shepherd's Calendar*. In the sixteenth century it was chiefly the middle and lower classes who went out early on May morning to gather flowers and hawthorn branches, which they brought home with a great blowing of horns and other rustic music; but earlier still we have Chaucer telling how

Forth goeth all the Court, both mooste and leste,
To feche the floures freshe, and branche and bloome,
And namely hawthorn brought both page and grome.

Who does not remember the chronicle of that evil May Day when the City prentices took the occasion of setting up the great maypole in Chepe for their riot against the foreign traders and handicraftsmen? This was in the reign of Henry VIII., whom Stow represents as riding a-maying from Greenwich to Shooter's hill.

The boughs and flowers were used to decorate the doors and windows of the houses, and were often associated with superstitious ceremonies, including protection against witchcraft and securing a good milking season. Indeed, the milkmaids appear always to have had a special interest in May Day festivities; and even within living memory a number of them would assemble, in a street near Moorfields, on the first day of the month, there to perform a sort of grotesque dance around a figure which was evidently the original "Jack in the Green." This was a man who bore upon his head a pyramid of May flowers and green boughs, all hung round

with mugs and silver tankards; and it not frequently happened that the party was afterwards joined by a number of sweeps' climbing-boys who were decked out with ribbons and accompanied the milkmaid's fiddle and tabor with a brush and shovel obligato. These sweeps, who by a popular fiction were supposed to have their holiday in virtue of its being the anniversary of the recovery of young Montagu, who had been stolen for a climbing-boy, soon had May Day to themselves; and now the "Ramoneur"—which recent Parliamentary disclosures prove has not superseded climbing-boys, enactments notwithstanding—has nearly abolished May Day, even amongst the sweeps.

By far the greatest ceremonies of this time, however, were the maypole and the choice of the May Queen. There were few English villages which had not their maypole hung with garlands, and sometimes with gaily-dressed dolls and toys. The abolition of all the maypoles by the Puritans led, at the Restoration, to a slight reaction, during which a very large shaft was erected in the Strand. In 1717 this pole was purchased by Sir Isaac Newton and taken to Wanstead as a stand for the Royal Society's telescope. But the days of maypoles had passed away, and in 1800 the humorist might well ask—

What's not destroyed by Time's relentless hand?
Where's Troy? and where's the maypole in the Strand?

The custom of having a Queen of the May may have been derived from the representatives of the Goddess Flora; and it must be remembered that the original May Queen did not join in the festivities of her subjects, but sat in a bower, or alcove, crowned with flowers, and directing the sports. Then there were Robin Hood games and various mummeries associated with the maypole and with woodcraft; but these, and the maypole itself, were distinct from the excursions for gathering the may, or "going a-maying."

THE OPERAS.

LOVERS of Italian music sung by Italian singers—no such easy thing to find, in spite of our two so-called Italian Operas, which are, in fact, cosmopolitan operas—should go to Covent Garden some night when Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" is played. Whatever nation or "nationality" claims Mme. Lagrue—and it is said that she is German by race—she sings like an Italian and is an Italian by her musical education. Whether or not she was born of Italian parents and under the Italian sky Italy will take very good care not to disclaim her, for she can prove herself to be an Italian vocalist as clearly as Herr Wachtel proves, whenever he sings Italian music, that he is some kind of Dutchman. Mario is the very type of the Italian singer, and would be interesting as a study, even if he did not still retain a very large portion of his natural physical gifts. He is not perfect; but, in spite of defects now and then apparent in his voice, he at least gives us an idea of perfection such as no other singer could suggest. If Giuglini wants the high artistic intelligence and the dramatic powers of Mario, he has, on the other hand, a voice that is faultless, and sings with admirable taste and feeling. It is by the three singers we have just named that the three principal parts in the "Ballo in Maschera" are executed at the Royal Italian Opera. It is impossible, we suppose, for everyone at an Italian theatre to be an Italian, or we should almost wish that a minor but by no means unimportant part in this work were not intrusted to Mdle. Battu, who, in an Italian opera, is too evidently French.

The most Italian performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is that of "Rigoletto," in which only one character—that of Maddalena—is given to a non-Italian singer. Giuglini's singing in this opera is especially remarkable. It is known that Giuglini has but lately returned from Russia, and it was feared that his voice might have suffered by his residence in the "frozen infernal regions" (the expression is Mr. Herzen's, who writes "*cet enfer frappé à la glace*"). Giuglini did, indeed, all but lose his voice soon after his arrival in the great northern capital; but it was not the bracing, exhilarating cold of winter, it was the dissolving, marrow-piercing damp by which it is preceded, that did the harm. The general result of the journey, or of time, or of study, or of comparative idleness, or of no matter what cause, has been that Giuglini's voice is now fuller, stronger, and as fresh as ever.

On Tuesday Nicolai's opera, founded on "The Merry Wives of Windsor," was brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre, supported by what the author of the advertisements had described long beforehand as "a signally effective cast." The effect so confidently anticipated by the directors of the theatre was, indeed, produced. "Falstaff," as the work is here called, was eminently successful, owing, in a great measure, to the admirable style in which it was executed. But the music itself is brilliant and attractive, and the Shakespearean comedy has been capably arranged for operatic setting. Indeed, "capital" is just the word to apply in such a case, the heads of the comedy having been seized upon and each made a chief incident in an operatic act. In act i. we come at once to the first of Falstaff's love adventures, which results in his being sent, with much dirty linen, to the wash. In act ii. his escape from the anger of the justly-irritated Ford, disguised as the "witch of Brentford," is, of course, the principal scene; while, in act iii., the appearance of the deluded Knight as Herne the Hunter is the climax of the opera, as it also is of the comedy. We do know how the libretto of Mr. Balfe's "Falstaff" was arranged; but, putting that opera aside (as, by-the-way, the director of Her Majesty's Theatre did in the most remarkable manner, when he gave its name to the production of another composer, which had already a name of its own). The libretto on which Nicolai has worked is much better than any other of the libretti founded on Shakespearean subjects. The mere notion of "Macbeth" done into an opera by Verdi is intolerable; though the story is, doubtless, susceptible of operatic treatment, and might suggest grand music to a really great composer. Nevertheless, it would have been better for Mr. Gye to give us "Macbeth," by way of a curiosity, than to celebrate the Shakespearean centenary at secondhand by producing his version also of Nicolai's *Merry Wives*. Rossini's "Otello" is the proper Shakespearean opera for Covent Garden, and nowhere has "Otello" been more admirably performed than at that (in most respects) excellently managed establishment. There is, certainly, no reason why at Covent Garden the "Merry Wives" should not also be admirably performed; only, as a general rule, it is a mistake for one manager to copy another manager's programmes.

We should have stated, that in Nicolai's opera the "humours" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow are entirely omitted, together with the "swaggering vaine" of ancient Pistol and Corporal Pym. The characters retained are the "merry wives" (Mdles. Titiens and Bataelheim); Falstaff (Signor Junca); the husbands of the "merry wives" (MM. Gassier and Santley); Fenton (Giuglini); Sweet Anne Page (Mdle. Vitali); Dr. Caius, and Master Slender.

Last Saturday evening was rather a remarkable one at Her Majesty's Theatre. So much has been said about the never ending performances of the "Trovatore" at both Operas—the eternal "Trovatore," as it had become the fashion to call it—that Mr. Mapleson seems at last to have felt bound to take a bold step in respect to that work. He has now announced formally that, as far as he is concerned, we shall hear no more of "the eternal 'Trovatore'" until next year. The "eternal," but, we fancy, not quite immortal, work has been played "positively for the last time during the present season." If the promise be kept, Mr. Mapleson will become known throughout Europe as the manager who got through nearly a whole season without playing the "Trovatore." Seriously, though we do not share the general contempt expressed by our contemporaries for this work (so full of melodious invention and of effective dramatic and musical scenes), we have, nevertheless, had enough of it for the present, and for some time past have never heard it without wishing that we were listening to "Rigoletto" or to the "Ballo in Maschera" instead. If the "Trovatore" has at last been done to death (though it will, no doubt, rise again before long) the two other operas of Verdi's, that we have just named, are as fresh as ever. Indeed, the "Ballo in Maschera," one of his very best works, and which is inferior to nothing that he has composed,

except, perhaps, "Rigoletto," has not yet been heard often enough in London. But, as we before observed, it is sung to perfection at the Royal Italian Opera, and will, no doubt, prove one of the greatest musical attractions of the present season. The spectacular pieces on which this establishment so much depends would probably draw large audiences, even if half the music belonging to them were omitted.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FIRST NOTICE.

It has not been our fortune for many a year to see such an exhibition at the Royal Academy as the present one. Not only is it remarkable for works by well-known hands, fully worthy of well-known reputations, but it abounds in pictures of great merit by the younger artists of the day. If here and there among the veterans we remark, in grief, not anger, the signs of failing powers, we find a consolation in the number of young soldiers dashing to the front to fill up the gaps in the ranks.

It is not improbable that the storm of popular indignation which burst last summer over the Academy has done much to clear the air. At any rate, from whatever cause it arises, the selection of pictures is, as a whole, excellent, and the hanging not so often to be found fault with as usual. A general survey of the exhibition gives us assurance of much pleasure in the task of detailed criticism. Creswick, Cooper, Cooke, Elmore, Goodall, Hook, Horsley, Landseer, Lee, Lewis, Millais, O'Neil, Phillip, Roberts, Stanfield, and Sant—a goodly array—represent the Academy; and are supported by Armitage, Bedford, Boddington, Brett, Calderon, Cole, Corbould, Danby, Deane, Egley, Faed, Fitzgerald, Herring, Hodgson, Hughes, Leader, Leighton, Leslie, Linnell, McCallum, Marks, Naish, Nicol, Pettie, Poynter, Prinsep, Rossiter, Sandys, Stone, Weekes, and Yeames—an array of names which English art may be proud of.

In the East Room (in which we shall commence our notice) is to be found what, in our opinion, is the picture of the year—Mr. Leighton's "Dante in Exile" (194). It is, perhaps, even better than the famous "Procession of Cimabue," by the same artist. The poet is leaving a noble mansion, and passes through a sneering, gaping crowd of vain worldlings. His face is full of sad and solemn thought. The eyes that look out of the picture are such eyes as would have seen the awful visions of "The Inferno," and in the compressed mouth is to be traced the stern purpose that will speak. In front of him stands a child—such a child!—wreathed with roses and trailing a garland. To the left, a young man leads in a lovely girl; beyond these we see an old woman and a servant bearing a peacock. On the right, a fantastic postmaster does mock reverence to the seer, a handsome youth gazing with a sort of pitying wonder over his shoulder. Seated behind these, looking up with a blunt but not unkindly look, is a soldier; and beyond all, following Dante down the steps, come a sensual ecclesiastic and a sneering Mephistophelian, who are making sport of the poet. The relief of the figures in front is marvellous; the child absolutely stands out from the background. This one figure alone—nay, the very painting of such roses as crown it—would be sufficient to make an artist's name. The colouring of the picture is smooth and brilliant, the drawing faultless, and the faces full of character and expression. Beyond this, the thought and poetic feeling of the true artist are discernible throughout, joined with a truthfulness and reality which would enchain our attention to this picture for hours did not our duties bid us hasten on. We cannot do so without pointing out how cleverly, in the dress of the young man and his lovely companion, the artist repeats the peacock feathers of pride, and how he makes the girl's beauty a dreamy doubt. "Is there pity there?" we ask ourselves. In the eyes, perhaps; but not in that proud little mouth, for whose kisses men might barter kingdoms. And yet Mr. Leighton is not an Academician! However, the loss is the Academy's, not his.

Sir Edwin Landseer's chief picture—the Polar bears tearing at the remains of a lost expedition (163)—we must confess inspires us with nearly as much horror as admiration—and that is not little. The painting of the blocks of green ice is most masterly; and thoroughly truthful are the long, snakelike necks, the little, cruel heads, and the shaggy fur of the two bears. But the brute who mumbles a human rib—with its head thrown up, that the bone may reach the back grinders, and with the hot steam of its nostrils—is too real—too painful. Far more pleasant is it to turn from this wonderful picture to the cheerful "Piper and Pair of Nutcrackers" (82), in which effects of fur and feather are achieved with Sir Edwin's peculiar dash—that masterly boldness which takes finish by storm. No one misses a picture of his; and we need, therefore, do no more than tell our readers that "Windsor Park" (134) is his, to ensure its inspection and their enjoyment.

Mr. Phillip is welcome again with his Spanish Dons and Donnas, his peasants, and that sunlight which he pours so brightly over sky and wall in the "Spanish Wake" (51). Fine, indeed, is the face of the mother, who steals away, with her tears just ready to burst forth, to seat herself at the door of the chamber where the dead child lies.

Mr. T. F. Lewis paints light as cleverly as Mr. Phillip. The reflected light on the roof of the verandah in No. 133 is very well done; and the "Hush" (110) is full of brightness and beauty, and a miracle of patience and labour. The fishpond in front and the pigeons should be carefully studied; but we could almost regret that Mr. Lewis should have enlarged his canvas at the top, for the tree is not so satisfactory as the rest of the picture.

Mr. Millais has sent nothing this year that will add to his fame; but, at the same time, he has sent nothing that will detract from it. His subjects cannot compare in interest with those of his earlier works; but his style continues to improve, though here and there old faults still cling to him. In No. 118, for instance—beautiful as is the painting of the velvet habit and silver lace (the face we are not entirely pleased with)—there is produced an unpleasant effect by a needless repetition in the background of the perpendicular line of the figure. "My Second Sermon" (13) is, perhaps, prettier than its predecessor of last year. No. 135 is not worthy of the artist.

The sea in Stanfield's "Mewstone" (65) is, we need hardly say, perfect; and the vapour of the ragged rain-cloud, through which a cold sun shines on the wet rock, is a bit of natural effect faithfully rendered. "War" (155) is doubtful in the tone of its light, seeming less like night than day; but "Peace," the still waters broken by one slow, swelling ripple, is splendid. Those who want to know how far it is possible to transfer nature to the canvas must go to Mr. Hook's pictures. Let them stand before "The Broom Dasher" (105), and note the sun on the grass, the winding brooklet, the plantation path; and when they have drunk in all the real beauty of the country let them turn to the Botallack Miners of No. 146 and see how vividly the whole scene is realised. The iron "skip" and the worn rails are actually before us; and beneath them, far below, the true deep Cornish sea appears positively to roll and heave as we watch it. The face of the alighting miner is a portrait, if not of an individual, at all events of "the type" of the hardy race.

Mr. Cooke's "Trouville" (12) is a capital specimen of his style. But we are a little dissatisfied with Mr. Creswick's "View on the Clyde" (34); we shall, however, find a compensation elsewhere, when we come to this artist's other works.

Mr. Lee's "Salmon Cruise" (41) is finely painted, if a little cold in tone. The broken water to the spectator's left has plenty of motion and transparency. A capital specimen of "a Boddington" will be found in No. 157.

Mr. Faed's picture in this room, No. 180, is a simple subject, a single figure; but it is admirably done. Very excellent, too, is Mr. Elmore's "Within Convent Walls" (100); a picture somewhat similar, but, to our mind, superior to Millais's well-known scene.

Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Interminable Story" (90) is admirably told. The painting is most praiseworthy, and the humour abundant. Mr. Houghton's "Folded Sleep" (63) reminds us a little too much of the "Chatterton," but it possesses great merit of its own.

Mr. Goodall's "Summer Song" (59) is not his best picture this year, but it is very far from bad.

Mr. Roberts's "Dixmude Church" (27) is a nice interior. Mr. Archer's "Little Lady who stood to Velasquez (178), and Mr.

Halliday's "Bird in the Hand" (69), are both remarkable, but rather for quaintness than any great qualities.

The drapery is the best part of Mr. Armitage's "Abah" (15)—the valance of the couch especially is very carefully painted. There is an immense fund of humour in Mr. Pettie's "Tonsure" (169)—wherein a shrinking, wincing monk has his crown shaven with a rough razor by a comfortable brother. The unconcern with which the barber rasps the writhing sufferer is a splendid sermon on the text of "None knows where the shoe pinches." If we could divest ourselves of the notion that the child in Mr. Horsley's picture (176) has, in donning the new dress, forgotten to put on her legs, we should have nothing but praise for it. Mr. Johnson, in No. 177, has been studying Hook to some effect.

In Mr. Prinsep's "Berenice" (3) there is much merit; but does he not himself consider that he has made her hand unnecessarily large and coarse? Mr. Leslie's "Bargeman's Baby" (36), if a little wanting in colour, is very nice in feeling. There is no want of colour in Mr. Hughes's "Music Party" (62), which is a positive feast to the eye; but it has other merit than that.

"After the Battle" (80), by Mr. Fitzgerald, is full of weird fancy; the strange spectres of the slain floating over the field are worthy of Doré. A veritable bit of nature is Mr. Mogford's "New Quay" (99); the painting of the breaking wave, the wet sand, and the weedy rock cannot be too much praised.

In this room there remains much to be noticed, but our space will not admit of our doing more than call attention to Mr. Dobson's "Girl With Ferns" (4), Mr. Gale's "Turtle-doves" (7), Mr. Herdman's "Fern-gatherer" (19), Mr. Boughton's "Industry" (25), Miss Redgrave's "Whortleberry-gatherer" (52)—a very fresh bit of colour; Mr. Rosseter's "Interesting Topic" (72)—worthy of Meissonnier; Mr. Henley's "Left in Charge" (106), Mr. Burke's "Study from Nature" (117), and No. 130, by Mr. Hicks.

No. 129, "Mosstroopers," by Mr. Weekes, is very spirited and noticeable for a good sky. "In a Vase" (137), by Mr. Deane, reminding one of Philip, is very good indeed "for a cellar"—or a buyer. "An Autumn Scene" (165), by Mr. Booth, is careful and natural; and the "Woodcock," next to it, by Mr. Hold, is a most conscientious portrait from the death. Among the views, Nos. 9, 11, 21, 22, 81, 88, should not be overlooked.

Mr. Hart's "Benvenuto Cellini" is simply filling up space of which deserving pictures are deprived.

Of the portraits in this room that of General Cabrera is one of the best. Sir Watson Gordon seems hardly up to the mark this year, but Mr. Grant paints some speaking likenesses. Two female portraits—one by Mr. Buckner, the other by M. Baccani—have merits beyond mere portraiture.

LAW AND CRIME.

THE convict Devine, condemned for the murder at Marylebone of an old man named Duck, was executed on Monday last. The most remarkable feature of the execution was the curious absence of the usual mob. This may be easily accounted for by the fact that the fellow (whom a contemporary styles a "poor, friendless boy") was simply a viciously disposed, lazy stult. Now, it is a curious fact in reference to executions, that the class of society to which the culprit belongs usually fails to attend at his end. The labouring classes, it may be remembered, were exhorted from among their own body not to witness the hanging of Wright. Devine was a tap-room sponge of the lowest and worst class, and, so far from being friendless, the very man whom he slew had twice procured him situations, which he lost from his incorrigible laziness and bad habits. He was by disposition and habit soft, idler, thief, and ruffian. His execution being unattractive to his class, the attendance at the Old Bailey was smaller than usual on such occasions. Hence arises yet another argument against capital punishment. What can be said as to the very classes whom it is hoped most to intimidate and deter by holding out an example most steadfastly refrain from witnessing its exhibition?

Many of our readers will remember the case of Mr. Pater, a barrister, who was fined by the Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Quarter Sessions for contempt of Court. Mr. Pater, in the course of his address in defence of a prisoner, made an observation imputing prejudice to the foreman of the jury. Mr. Payne, the Assistant Judge, considered that observation unjustifiable, and called on Mr. Pater to retract it. Mr. Pater refused to do so; and, after some altercation with the Bench, and at the conclusion of the case, was fined for contempt. An application was made on his behalf for a rule for a certiorari to bring the order inflicting the fine into the Court of Queen's Bench. In support of the application the question was, in the first instance, raised as to the jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench Judges to review such an order of the Quarter Sessions Bench. The Judges thought the question of sufficient importance, "with regard to the independence of the Bar and the duties of an advocate," to warrant the Court in granting a rule nisi. The Lord Chief Justice had previously observed that it did not appear that Mr. Pater had used any insulting or abusive language. But it must be remembered that this application was one-sided and on Mr. Pater's behalf. Should the matter be proceeded in, and the certiorari granted, a subsequent argument may arise upon the merits. Mr. Pater's allusion to the supposed prejudice of the juryman may or may not have been strictly within the penalty for contempt. But he was called upon, rightly or wrongly, by the Judge to retract his observation, and the way in which he refused to do so, no less than the fact of his refusal, may raise a much graver question than that suggested by his first offensive remark.

A boy was charged before Mr. Knox, at Marlborough-street, with stealing about 20 lb. of lead. He had been seen knocking the metal off the hideous fragmentary image which the late proprietor of the Great Globe in Leicester-square insists upon retaining in the midst of that inclosure; apparently by way of retribution upon the public for not having sufficiently patronised his exhibition, formerly standing upon the spot. It is worthy of remark that, as we have stated, the boy was charged with stealing. The offence was committed at six o'clock in the evening, at this time of

year broad daylight. Certainly this was a strange time for a lad to select to walk off with 20 lb. of lead, if his intention were felonious. Mr. Knox evidently considered the felonious intent not proved. If so, why was not the boy discharged? Because Mr. Knox thought proper to convict him of quite another offence—namely, that of "wanton mischief," and sentenced him to three days' imprisonment and twelve strokes with a birch rod. Unless the reports be strangely defective, this conviction must have been unwarrantable, inasmuch as the prisoner appears to have been convicted of an offence with which he had not been charged, and not convicted of the crime alleged against him. Surely Mr. Knox must have been misled by the misdescription of the thing in Leicester-square as a statue. Wanton mischief upon that, indeed! Why, the first improvement possible upon its present state would be its preparation for the melting cauldron.

Mr. Robertson Gladstone, a magistrate of Liverpool, caused application to be made on his behalf to the Court of Queen's Bench for a criminal application against the publisher of the *Liverpool Porcupine*, a local satirical journal. The *Porcupine* had commented with some severity upon Mr. Gladstone's conduct towards an attorney who had acted as an advocate before him. The article charged him with "bullying on the bench," "unseemly conduct," "spite," and "bullying an attorney." After his counsel's statement the Court refused the rule. The Lord Chief Justice added:—"Public men should not be too thin skinned; and, although they may sometimes have a right to complain, it is, on the whole, to be regarded as one of the incidents of that liberty of the press which we all prize so highly, and which we should all deeply regret to see fettered." Mr. R. Gladstone has gone rather expensively to work to enlarge his acquaintance with the principles of English law. However, the purpose was laudable, and, if some of his brethren on the provincial benches were only to labour with the same earnest purpose, the country would surely not object to any amount of cost (to themselves) at which they might attempt so desirable an end.

The case of "Knox v. Smee," tried in the Court of Probate and Divorce, involved the question whether a testator named Hutchinson was of sound mind at the time of execution of his will. Mr. Hutchinson was a member of the religious society of the Oratory at Brompton, and appears to have been a rigid and earnest devotee of the Roman Catholic Church. He had written a book describing the "Miraculous Transportation of the Holy House of Loreto." There had been some slight indications of disorder of his brain, and he had once been affected by paralysis; and he had left his property, away from his relatives, to the Earl of Arundel and Surrey. This bequest was supposed to be really in trust for religious purposes. Sir J. Wilde, however, was satisfied that the deceased had been of sufficiently sound mind to make his will, and his Lordship pronounced in favour of the probate, which was decreed, with costs.

POLICE.

CHARGE AGAINST A BOY FOR CAUSING THE DEATH OF ANOTHER BOY.—William Simpson, charged with causing the death of another boy, named John Carter, on Tuesday, the 12th ult., in a stable-yard in Rupert-street, was again brought up.

The boys had quarrelled, and Carter threw a pitchfork he was using at Simpson. Simpson then threw the pitchfork back to Carter, who stooped to avoid it, but the fork falling short, and falling over towards Carter, the latter, in rising, received one of the prongs in his head, just behind the ear, from which injury he ultimately died in the Middlesex Hospital.

Sergeant Stephens, 11 C, said that since the remand an inquest had been held on the body of Carter, and the jury had returned a verdict of "Accidental Death." There was no additional evidence.

The magistrate said that to say the boy at the bar intended the serious result which had taken place, would be clearly absurd, and to send him to the Central Criminal Court would be only incurring unnecessary expense and trouble, as the Judge before whom he was taken would certainly discharge him. It was a most unfortunate occurrence, but the boy would be discharged.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.—On Monday an inquest was held at the Black Horse, Clifton, near Halifax, on the body of Mrs. Ellen Bottomley, wife of Joseph Bottomley, a mason, whose death was caused under most painful circumstances. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Bottomley had loaded his gun, intending to shoot a rat; after loading it he put a cap on, and placed it on the bed in another room. At the same time a conversation was going on in the house about his daughter being a crack shot, her father having been heard to say that he would match his daughter Elizabeth to shoot with caps. Elizabeth immediately afterwards went into the parlour to dress her hair, returning with the gun in her hand, but ignorant that it was loaded. At that time Mrs. Bottomley was standing by the fire, there being also two young women present in the room. Elizabeth, who is nineteen years of age, said to her mother, "I'll show you how to do it." At the same instant the gun went off and Mrs. Bottomley fell dead. The shot entered the left side of the head, and but barely penetrated the opposite side. The young girl looked aghast for a moment, then ran out of the house screaming. Such was the effect on the poor girl that she had to be attended all night, being almost frantic. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death."

A NOTORIOUS BURGLAR.—John Goodenough, the promoter of several very large robberies in the south of England, and whose dooty it was that has recently been found in Windsor Forest, has been captured by the Bristol police. He has assumed various aliases from time to time, and when arrested at Bristol by the detective police, acting upon information received from Superintendent Harvey, of the Hants county constabulary, stationed at Gosport) he was known by the name "Captain Smith," and the furniture of his house was packed up in readiness for removal to another part of the country. Although somewhat below the middle stature, Goodenough is a powerful and most determined fellow, and three of the officers who aided in capturing him were wounded. Upon him was found a six-barrelled revolver loaded with ball and capped, which there is no doubt he would have used had he not been readily seized when not aware that he was in the company of a detective officer. On a previous occasion, however, when an attempt was made to capture him in another part of the country, he held his assailants at bay by the production of his revolver, and has been committed for trial at the assizes on three separate charges of burglary. It appears, some years ago Goodenough created considerable surprise for burglary, and his reappearance created considerable surprise. We believe, however, that it has not been ascertained whether he obtained a ticket of leave or made his escape.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH the amount of bullion withdrawn from the Bank of England this week, for the purpose of the Continent has not been so large, and although the import of gold from America has been on the increase, the Bank has for money has been advanced to 9 per cent. The market for Home Securities, has, therefore, ruled heavy, and the quotations have had a drooping tendency. Consols for Money, have marked 99½; Ditto, for Account, June, 99½ ex div.

Reduced and New Three per Cent. 89½; Exchange Bills, 15s. to 3s. 4d.; Red Sea Annuitants, 20½; Bank of India, 100; India Stocks, &c., have sold at reduced quotations. India Stock, Old, has been 220; Ditto, New, 101½; the Four per Cent. Paper, 93; the Five per Cent. 103; the Five and a Half per Cent. 104; the Six per Cent. 105; the Seven per Cent. 106; the Eight per Cent. 107; the Nine per Cent. 108; the Ten per Cent. 109; the Eleven per Cent. 110; the Twelve per Cent. 111; the Thirteen per Cent. 112; the Fourteen per Cent. 113; the Fifteen per Cent. 114; the Sixteen per Cent. 115; the Seventeen per Cent. 116; the Eighteen per Cent. 117; the Nineteen per Cent. 118; the Twenty per Cent. 119; the Twenty-one per Cent. 120; the Twenty-two per Cent. 121; the Twenty-three per Cent. 122; the Twenty-four per Cent. 123; the Twenty-five per Cent. 124; the Twenty-six per Cent. 125; the Twenty-seven per Cent. 126; the Twenty-eight per Cent. 127; the Twenty-nine per Cent. 128; the Thirty per Cent. 129; the Thirty-one per Cent. 130; the Thirty-two per Cent. 131; the Thirty-three per Cent. 132; the Thirty-four per Cent. 133; the Thirty-five per Cent. 134; the Thirty-six per Cent. 135; the Thirty-seven per Cent. 136; the Thirty-eight per Cent. 137; 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2540s. 6d.; 2545s. 6d.; 2550s. 6d.; 2555s. 6d.; 2560s. 6d.; 2565s. 6d.;
2570s. 6d.; 2575s. 6d.; 2580s. 6d.; 2585s. 6d.; 2590s. 6d.; 2595s. 6d.;
2600s. 6d.; 2605s. 6d.; 2610s. 6d.; 2615s. 6d.; 2620s. 6d.; 2625s. 6d.;
2630s. 6d.; 2635s. 6d.; 2640s. 6d.; 2645s. 6d.; 2650s. 6d.; 2655s. 6d.;
2660s. 6d.; 2665s. 6d.; 2670s. 6d.; 2675s. 6d.; 2680s. 6d.; 2685s. 6d.;
2690s. 6d.; 2695s. 6d.; 2700s. 6d.; 2705s. 6d.; 2710s. 6d.; 2715s. 6d.;
2720s. 6d.; 2725s. 6d.; 2730s. 6d.; 2735s. 6d.; 2740s. 6d.; 2745s. 6d.;
2750s. 6d.; 2755s. 6d.; 2760s. 6d.; 2765s. 6d.; 2770s. 6d.; 2775s. 6d.;
2780s. 6d.; 2785s. 6d.; 2790s. 6d.; 2795s. 6d.; 2800s. 6d.; 2805s. 6d.;
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2990s. 6d.; 2995s. 6d.; 3000s. 6d.; 3005s. 6d.; 3010s. 6d.; 3015s. 6d.;
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3050s. 6d.; 3055s. 6d.; 3060s. 6d.; 3065s. 6d.; 3070s. 6d.; 3075s. 6d.;
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3110s. 6d.; 3115s. 6d.; 3120s. 6d.; 3125s. 6d.; 3130s. 6d.; 3135s. 6d.;
3140s. 6d.; 3145s. 6d.; 3150s. 6d.; 3155s. 6d.; 3160s. 6d.; 3165s. 6d.;
3170s. 6d.; 3175s. 6d.; 3180s. 6d.; 3185s. 6d.; 3190s. 6d.; 3195s. 6d.;
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4160s. 6d.; 4165s. 6d.; 4170s. 6d.; 4175s. 6d.; 4180s. 6d.; 4185s. 6d.;
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